

NON-FICTION APRIL 2015



GARDEN SEATS

from *Garden Ornaments*

by Mary H. Northend

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The ever-changing tide of fashion brings in its wake a constant development of new and original ideas in the furnishing of our garden plots. Flowers have been with us ever since the first settlement of our country and so has a love for life in the open. This is an inheritance that has deepened with the passing years. So rapidly has this developed that to-day it demands our gardens as living rooms. It is this aspect of garden life that develops new and unusual features in equipment.

While we may flatter ourselves that we as garden lovers have originated this idea, yet it is of ancient origin. History relates that in the gardens of the early Romans and Greeks, garden seats were found. With the changing of styles in floral-culture the ornate came into existence, much used during the Italian Renaissance. Reproductions of their ideas are found in replica in many of the formal gardens of the twentieth century.

Logs, carelessly thrown on the ground, may have been the first seats used by our garden ancestors. Later on with the development of the one-path posy bed, seats were hollowed out of old trees. They formed a picturesque bit, clothed during the summer months in their garments of green, for trailing vines were encouraged to run rampant over their sides. These with the green arbor or pergola and the vine-clad summer house were the three styles of seats favored by the Colonial dames.

Styles and usage of furniture in this special way are as clearly defined as in interior decoration. The modern garden equipped with English, American or Italian furniture, gives a pleasing variety. The principal materials necessary for manufacture are stone, marble, terra cotta or wood. Of these, the latter suggests less expense, while the former can be purchased at any sum you wish.

Stone or marble are absolutely necessary in formal or Italian gardens, as they provide a proper medium for expression that nothing else would satisfy. Look at the gleam of the white marble shown up by its background of green trees and see what a charm it has in the furnishing of your garden plot. Take it all in all, it is the only right setting for an elaborate garden, partly on account of its being a descendant of the Italian Renaissance period which makes it desirable in designs that follow out the character of that period. Rarely, if ever, do we find this simple in form, but rather elaborately carved with representations of animals or figures. As an ornamental feature, it cannot be excelled, but as a garden seat it is not practical, being cold and hard to sit

upon. Properly speaking, it should be placed at the head of a walk or topping the garden steps. This is on account of its decorative character and the necessity of making it fit into the floral scheme. The price is prohibitive except to the rich, although it varies with the elaboration of the carving.

Terra cotta, while not as often used, has its advantages. It can be moulded readily into any form desired. While it is not always suitable, yet its warmth of color, which is either buff or red, makes it admirable when one desires to bring out certain effects in the planting of beds. It is, perhaps, the least used of any of the materials. A seat four feet in length can be purchased for from forty dollars upwards.

Concrete seats are the kind that are most commonly used for formal and informal gardens. We should remember, however, that we must not mix formal and informal furniture promiscuously, otherwise the result will be disastrous. One should bear in mind in treating this subject that formal pieces resemble well-bred people. They fit suitably into any place in their surroundings. It is far different, however, with informal pieces which are entirely wrong and out of place in formal settings. This fact applies to concrete which is suitable for almost any occasion for it possesses almost endless possibilities as far as form is concerned. Rightly mixed, it can be moulded into almost any shape that you desire, which accounts for the fact that in its designs many of the elaborate garden seats are copied. This makes it popular and constantly in demand, on account of its less cost. To all intents and purposes, it is quite as durable as stone or marble. It has still another advantage, in that its neutral gray tint harmonizes picturesquely with almost any setting of shrubbery or flowers.

The least expensive of any of the materials that is used for this purpose is wood. It has this advantage, that it can be formed in such a great variety of shapes that there is always found some piece that is suitable for every taste and occasion. If you contrast it with marble or stone, you will realize that it has the advantage of being lighter in weight, and capable of being carried around from place to place with little or no trouble. Take it all in all, the best place for it to be at home in is the informal garden.

The kind of garden that most of us live in and enjoy intimately is the plot where wooden settles and chairs are used. Care should be taken, however, in the selection of material in order that it may have lasting qualities. One reason for its use is that unlike marble and stone it is not cold to sit upon, and is really comfortable. The best kind of wood, if you can afford it, is teakwood, which lasts for centuries. It is the most expensive, particularly the antique pieces. Those of to-day are shoddily put together and cannot resist weathering as do the century-old ones.

Many people prefer pine on account of less cost. This is all right, provided great care is taken to keep it well covered with paint of the glossy kind. The advantage of this over the other is that it can be readily wiped clean before using. Anyone who is a garden lover will appreciate this fact, for no matter how carefully placed, the seats will accumulate a reasonable amount of leaves and dirt.

Plain settles and benches which belong to the informal type can be placed anywhere, according to inclination. These need not, of necessity, be made of plain wooden strips, but can be varied by making them rustic in design. Use for this purpose limbs of the same size without removing the bark. They require so little work in putting them together that a village carpenter can accomplish this task, or if you are a genius you can do it yourself. An objection which many people offer is that they need repairing often, or replacing. Considering the cost, this is not a serious objection.

For a simple Colonial cottage, such pieces as these would be appropriate for use in your garden and you can add a tea table and a few chairs suggestive of afternoon tea, the position being determined by views, for the placing is of as much importance as the piece itself. If possible, have low-growing trees droop over it to give the required shade.

[Illustration: A SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE GARDEN SEAT]

For the elegant mansion, the home of the wealthy, more elaborate pieces are a necessity. One thing should not be forgotten in their choice and that is they should be heavy enough to stay on the ground and resist the strong northeast winds that during a heavy rain sweep over your flower-plot.

Flagstone sometimes gives a variety as well as limestone, but there are several other materials that give a pleasing color and texture, such as the pink granite and the red, black and green slates. Of these, the red is most effective when streaked with another color. Do not choose the Quincy granite; the texture is cold in appearance and the weather never softens the color.

A fault that must not be overlooked is to build your seats too high, thirteen inches being the proper height. The back should always be taken into consideration and made tall enough to support the head so that you will be comfortable when you come to view your garden plot.

It is not always possible to have this piece of furniture placed under the shade of a tree or shrubbery. This necessitates the planning of a summer house, arbor or pergola. Over these, vines can be trained, so that in reality it is much more picturesque than if you had used simply the green shade.

Chairs can be used for this same purpose, in fact, they are very good as they provide a variation of the general theme. They are particularly advisable if it is a backyard garden where a settle might prove too overpowering. Like the garden seat, they can be made of wood. Cedar and locust are preferable if you wish pretty rustic effects. Cypress also is lasting, and if you prefer to give it a coat of paint, it will do service for many years.

For rustic chairs or seats, there is another idea for shelter that is practical. It is to roof it over and shingle the board. It has advantages over anything else in that it affords protection from the summer sun and acts as a windbreak on cold days, besides doing away with the dropping of insects from the leafy tangle of an arbor. No matter how charming a garden may be in its floral arrangement, it requires additions and accessories to display to the best advantage its worth. Just as a house is cozy or barren according to the style of furniture employed, so a garden is beautiful in proportion to the type of ornaments used.

Probably the coming into style of the formal Italian type of garden has done much to develop this feature. Until late years, scant heed was paid to fitness, and in consequence much of the old-time charm found in the Colonial garden was lost.

When planning for your garden seat or chair, take into consideration the planting. In your choice of colors you should vary the scheme to fit in with the particular seat. A white requires different surroundings from a gray or a rustic type. Wrong coloring brings about inharmonious effects and they should be carefully considered in the making a perfect whole. Another thing should be thought out and that is as to whether there is a shade provided by the over-hanging limbs of a tree or by the trailing of vines.

Vines are always interesting. You can use them in a mass, showing one general effect, or you can combine them. Nothing is so pretty in the early spring as the Wisterias, on account of their being not only hardy, but tall growers. Many people claim the best varieties are those grafted on to specially selected stock, thus making them sure bloomers. The soil should also be taken into consideration, for while they thrive in light, sandy conditions, yet deep, rich earth promotes stronger growth. The Magnifica is, perhaps, as vigorous as any. It is such a rapid grower that it shoots up from thirty to forty feet in a season. It blossoms rather later than some varieties which show soft, lavender blue blooms. Why not mix this with the Chinese white, whose pure white flowers show long, drooping clusters.

If you are looking for foliage in the early fall, the Vitis Henryana can be used. Its leaves are decorative in effect, being a velvety green with veins of silvery white. It is of Chinese origin and in the fall the

foliage turns to a beautiful red. For July and August blossoming, there is the Bignonia Grandiflora or Mammoth-flowered Trumpet creeper. This is a splendid climbing vine, perfectly hardy, giving a growth of from eight to ten feet in a season. Its flowers, which are shown during July and August, are orange red and trumpet-shaped, following as they do after the Wisteria has faded, they bring about an entirely different color scheme. This makes it practical for one to plant a succession of bloom, making each set of flowers correspond with the coloring of the vines.

A very pleasing contrast can be brought out by combining the magnolia-scented White Moon Flower, with a beautiful Blue Dawn. The former is a summer climber, growing from fifteen to twenty feet in height. It makes a beautiful shade for trellises and bears in the season a profusion of large trumpet-shape snow-white flowers that are richly scented and very beautiful. There is also a heavenly blue that combines artistically with the white. One feature of this vine is its thick, overlapping, glossy foliage, and its nightly scores of immense silky blooms which are of rare fragrance. By actual count a strong vine will bear from one to three thousand blossoms in a season. There has within the last few years been discovered a new variety that opens early in the morning and remains so nearly all day.

The beautiful blue of the Paradise Flower is used when one wishes for this color in decorations. The clusters are large, showing from twenty to thirty at a time and it blossoms continually from the time it becomes established until frost.

For a rustic seat, why not try the wild grape or Crimson Glory vine? It is so strong and hardy, notable for its heavy foliage which makes a splendid shade and in the fall is a mass of rich crimson. We have grown to think of morning glories as a pretty, small flower that grew in our grandmother's garden. Many of us have not realized that they have been developed until now they show gigantic bloom as large as the moon flowers. They have wonderful coloring, marking and variations of indescribable beauty. As a flowering vine they cannot be surpassed, the flowers being borne by the hundreds and of enormous size, measuring often five and six inches across. Many show a rich combination of shading blended together in an enchanting way, being spotted, penciled, mottled, and variegated in every conceivable manner.

[Illustration: STATELY LILIES ADD CHARM AND DIGNITY TO A GRAVELLED WALK]

If your garden seat is low, let your planting follow the same line, but if it is high and conspicuous, it can be accentuated by tall plants. Hollyhocks, with their stately stalks, are charming for this particular use. There is the hardy perennial with the foliage dwarf and compact. This is found in the Heuchera, which is easily grown from seed and reaches a height of eighteen inches. Of this variety, the Sanguinea is admirable, being the finest of all the red varieties, the flowers taking

on the shade of coral red. If you wish, instead of a solid color, to make a combination, why not use the Sanguinea, Sutton's Hybrid, which is found in pretty shades of pink, as well as creamy white, rose and crimson. These blossom in July and August, their stately, well-filled cups, giving a distinction to the seat that could not well be missed.

Fleur-de-lis, sometimes spoken of as the Fairy Queen's home, is always satisfactory and never fails to bloom. No flower can surpass this in delicacy of texture and coloring, and it rivals even the orchids of the tropics in its beauty. They thrive in almost every soil, being one of the easiest plants to cultivate, although a fairly rich earth will materially increase the number and size of the bloom. In planting them, nearly cover the rhizomes. The earliest flowering ones are the Germans, which come into bloom the latter part of May or early in June. These are followed by the Japan variety which follow closely on the former and stay in blossom for a month. Of the German, the Lohengrin is the most vigorous, deep violet mauve in coloring, and the flowers are nearly five inches deep, showing petals two inches across. In direct contrast is the Princess Victoria Louise, light sulphur yellow or rich violet red, edged with crimson, both of which varieties are very handsome.

The double Iris is particularly beautiful for some situations. There is the Antelope with white ground flaked with purple; the Diana, reddish purple flaked with white; the Mount Fell, grayish white, veined with blue and showing yellow center; and the Victor, white veined, violet blue with purple center. Each one of these is well worthy of cultivation.

Nothing is so beautiful as roses, be they climbing or dwarf. For the former, why not use the Climbing Jules Graveraux, which is one of the most valuable, ever-blooming climbers ever introduced. The value of this is that the blooms are immense in size, being as large or larger than any other rose. It even exceeds the J. B. Clark. These roses are perfectly double, white, tinged with blush pink, with a yellow base. In freedom of bloom, it is superior to either Mrs. Peary or Climbing Meteor. Then there is the Empress of China or Appleblossom rose, a strong rampant grower, and a very free bloomer. The buds are pointed, being soft red, turning to lighter. It blooms from May to December in the open ground.

Tea Roses, distinguished by the delicate tea fragrance, are absolutely ever-blooming. They are carried through the winter even in the northern states with careful protection. The most satisfactory method is the banking up with soil. Of these, the yellow Souvenir de Pierre Notting is the most beautiful. It has been introduced by one of the foremost firms of France and is not exceeded by any rose sent out from that country. The blossoms are large, well filled, and open easily. The buds are beautiful and elongated. When fully bloomed, they show an apricot yellow, tinged with golden and mixed with orange yellow. One charm of

these flowers is that the edge of the petal shades to a beautiful carmine rose. The open flower is full and double, it being an extremely free blossomer.

One of the latest introductions is the Lady Hillingdon, the color being beyond description. Apricot yellow, shaded to orange on the outer edge of the petal, and becoming deeper and more intense as it reaches the center of the bloom. The buds are produced on long, strong, wiry stems, which are placed well above the foliage, thus giving it a slender and graceful effect. It is valuable in both the amateur and professional growers' gardens. It would be impossible to enumerate the different kinds that are used for this purpose.

DEBUSSY

from *Musical Portraits*, by Paul Rosenfeld

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Claude-Achille Debussy was born August 22nd, 1862, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. He died at Paris March 22nd, 1918. He entered the Conservatoire at the age of twelve, studying harmony with Lavignac and piano with Marmontel. At the age of eighteen, he paid a brief visit to Russia. But it was not until several years later that he became acquainted with the score of "Boris Godounow," which was destined to have so great an influence on his life, and precipitate his revolt from Wagnerism. In 1884 he gained the Prix de Rome with his cantata "L'Enfant prodigue." During his three-year stay at the Villa Medici he composed "Printemps" and "La Damoiselle élue." "Ariettes oubliées" were published in 1888, followed, in 1890, by "Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire"; in 1893 by the string-quartet and the "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un faune"; in 1894 by "Proses lyriques"; and in 1898 by "Les Chansons de Bilitis." The "Nocturnes" were performed for the first time in 1899. "Pelléas," upon which Debussy had been working for ten years, was produced at the Opéra Comique in 1902. In 1903, "Estampes" were published. "Masques," "L'Isle joyeuse," "Danses pour harp chromatique" and "Trois chansons de France" were published in 1904. The following year saw the disclosure of the first book of "Images" for piano and of "La Mer." The second book of "Images" appeared in 1906; "Ibéria" in 1907; "Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans" and the "Children's Corner" in 1908. "Rondes de Printemps" was performed for the first time in 1909. In 1910 there appeared "Trois ballades de François Villon" and the first book of "Préludes for piano." It was in the incidental music to d'Annunzio's *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, performed in 1911, that Debussy's genius showed itself for the last time in any fullness. In 1912 "Gigues" were performed; in 1913 there appeared the second book of *Préludes* for piano. The works produced subsequently are of much smaller importance.

English Theater

Two Portraits--Mr. Pinero's Career as an Actor--His Early Works--_The Squire_, _Lords and Commons_--The Pieces which followed, half Comedy, half Farce--_The Profligate_ ; its Success and Defects--_Lady Bountiful_--_The Second Mrs. Tanqueray_--Character of Paula--Mrs. Patrick Campbell--_The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith_.

Meanwhile, it was to Mr. Pinero that fell the lot of writing the most human work yet known to modern English dramatic literature,--the work, too, approaching most nearly to perfection.

I have never gazed on Mr. Pinero in the flesh, but I have seen two portraits of him which have struck me. In one I seem to discover the pensive _bonhomie_ of a philosopher, who looks on at the world from afar; the other suggests rather the frequenter of drawing-rooms--the look in the eyes is more alive, the smile more knowing, less calculated to leave one at one's ease. Which of these portraits tells the truth? Both of them perhaps. There are aspects of Mr. Pinero's work which respond to these different moods of a single mind. Then, the two physiognomies, which I try to reconcile with each other, have this trait in common: they both show us a man who observes and who reflects.

And, in truth, a man must look about him and within him a good deal in order to be able to pass, like Mr. Pinero, from the formless efforts of his youth, or even from such pieces as _The Squire_ and _Lord and Commons_ , to a work like _The Second Mrs. Tanqueray_ . His career as an author has been a long-continued ascent, delayed by many incidents and accidents, but from which the horizon of art has seemed larger at every stage. To-day he is in the heights, almost at the summit.

In his early youth he had felt his vocation and had written a play, but he knew nothing of the theatre. He learnt his art, as Dion Boucicault and H. J. Byron and Tom Robertson before him, by acting in the plays of others.[13] He maintained a good position upon the Edinburgh stage, and then came to London, where he became connected first with Irving's company and then with the Bancrofts'.

After getting some small pieces produced, he tried his hand at the kind of plays then in vogue,--farces, melodramas, and sentimental comedies. He adapted some French pieces also; and it was then he realised what was lacking in his first models, in Robertson and his emulators. A play is a living organism. Under the flesh one should find organs, muscles, an articulated skeleton. It was this frame-work that Mr. Pinero wished to give to his dramatic works; and his ambition did not, perhaps, aspire beyond sustaining Robertson by means of Scribe. What he himself possessed, and what was already recognised in his work, was a gift for the writing of bright and natural dialogues, free from those tricks and artificialities

which until then had served as wit upon the stage. This dialogue was the language really called for by the plot; but it was the plot, precisely, that was weak in Mr. Pinero's earliest efforts.

The Squire was an unlikeliest story of a case of bigamy, annulled by an unexpected death. The piece pleased, by reason of its idealised representation of rural life. There was a breath of the woods in it, and a smell of hay. But even this attraction the author had borrowed from a pretty novel, by Thomas Hardy, _Far from the Madding Crowd_.

Lords and Commons carries a degree further the romantic strangeness of the Swedish drama, by which it is inspired. A great nobleman has married a young girl of illegitimate birth, in ignorance of her history. He discovers the fact, and drives her ignominiously from the house. After some years, she comes across his path again, without his recognising her. She has a double end in view--to win back her husband's love in her new guise, and to awaken his remorse in regard to _that other_, thus torturing him with conflicting emotions. Finally, she sends him, his heart torn in twain, to a _rendez-vous_ with his former victim to obtain her pardon. When Mr. Pinero was content to write a _dénouement_ of this kind, who could have divined in him the future creator of _Mrs. Tanqueray_?

But at this very moment he had discovered another vein, which he worked for a number of years with increasing success. This was a kind of hybrid production, which partook of farce in regard to plot, and of the comedy of manners in regard to ideas and to dialogue. In short, it belonged to the same province of the drama as _Divorçons_, sometimes on a higher plane, sometimes on a lower. You would say that characters from Dumas and D'Augier had fallen by accident into a scenario of Labiche. _The Magistrate_ is thoroughly French in character. A London Magistrate, who finds it necessary to hide himself under a table in a restaurant of doubtful reputation, and who, under this table, knocks up against his own wife, and who, in the following act, having escaped by a miracle from this fearsome situation, finds himself called upon to pronounce judgment upon this guilty spouse of his (who, needless to say, is guilty only in appearance),--this kind of thing does not belong to English life or even to English humour. In _Dandy Dick_ and in _The Hobby-Horse_, I find, in the midst of fanciful incidents, a number of delicate and noteworthy sketches of provincial life, of clerical society, of the racing world, and those who belong to it, including a queer kind of female centaur,--a woman jockey,--whom Mr. Pinero has certainly not borrowed from our _répertoire_. There are many brilliant features really, much ingenuity of invention, as well as a real sense of fun and fertility of resource in _The Times_ and _The Cabinet Minister_. I have read these two pieces a number of times, and found them amusing in their deliberate exaggeration. But when I look into them closely, I ask myself whether the phase of social evolution through which we are passing is really like that which the author holds up to ridicule, and whether his caricatures are not a generation or two behind the time. And it is always thus. In the matter of

satire, it is the newspaper always that opens the way; the novel comes after it, and then, after a long interval, the theatre. The manners it describes have often ceased to exist; the types it portrays have disappeared, or have become changed. We laugh over Egerton Bompas, the rich shopkeeper, who wants to marry his daughter to a peer of the realm; and over Joseph Lebanon, the vulgar little stockbroker, who dreams of getting invited, through the influence of his sister, the fashionable modiste, to a shooting-party at a castle in the Highlands. But we know quite well that nowadays it is the other way about. It is the peers of the realm who seek to ally themselves with Bompas; and, instead of trembling before them in Parliament, he imposes his social and political programme upon them, turning against land, which is in extremity already, the storm which has been threatening capital. Mr. Joseph Lebanon's part is not to accept invitations, but to give them. It is he who gives shooting-parties, and invites the peers; he allows his house to be used for aristocratic dances, and if he does not appear at them himself, it is from disdain, not from discretion. If he be distinguishable from his new companions, it is through his carefulness in aspirating his h's, his punctiliousness in the matter of etiquette, of his dress, of his servants' livery, of his stud, and of his table. And then if he does make solecisms, they are thought delightful. The only failing for which he could not be forgiven would be--failure. And he is on his guard.

I am afraid, therefore, that Mr. Pinero's comedies, although very pleasant, are already somewhat aged at their birth. It is in vain to get them up in the latest fashions; their age is evident, especially when they are looked at side by side with that first act of *_The Crusaders_*, in which the satire is so modern and so full of life.

Mr. Pinero had not renounced the serious drama, and all his theatrical friends, watching his progress in light comedy, yet expected to see him in this field in which, so far, he had achieved but half-successes. On April 24, 1889, the Garrick opened its doors with a drama of his, entitled *_The Profligate_*. Marvels were expected from the new theatre which John Hare had erected for himself and his company. As had been the case with the opening of the Prince of Wales's, it was felt that the first night at the Garrick ought to mark a date in the history of the drama. The critics, "old" and "new," were enthusiastic. "At last," exclaimed Mr. Archer, "we have a real play; a play which has faults, with a third act which has none!" Those triumphant assertions, made in the heat of the moment, must unfortunately be taken with a considerable discount. *_The Profligate_* is a melodrama, treated with delicacy and distinction, but incontestably a melodrama in every aspect and in every part, that wonderful third act included; it is even one of the most fanciful, most romantic melodramas that have been written in England for fifteen years.

Whom shall I recognise as an English character, or even as a human type? Hugh Murray, the sentimental lawyer, who loses his heart at first sight to a schoolgirl, and who buries this beautiful passion in the depths of his

heart, to disinter it just at the wrong moment? Janet?--who has given herself, without the temptation of love, to a seducer in the forties, and who, during the remainder of the piece perseveres in the accomplishment of acts of delicacy, of renunciation and of self-abnegation without number, veritable *_tours de force_*--*_morale_*. Leslie?--the heroine of the play, a schoolgirl who giddily exclaims, a quarter of an hour before her wedding, that she wonders whether the world will seem of the same colour when she is the wife of Duncan Renshaw; and who, after a month spent *_tête-à-tête_* with her husband in a villa near Florence, where a fresco of Michael Angelo is to be seen, seems to know life better than we do ourselves. I know, of course, the explanation that is forthcoming: only a single moment was required to alter this character, to bring light to that one. It is precisely in this explanation that I find the mark of melodrama. In serious psychology, it is not so easy to believe in these "moments"--in these sudden revelations, these flash-like crises, which transform an individuality completely, annulling nature and education.

And what is one to say of the "Profligate" himself? He is just the traditional libertine of all the innumerable English novels published during the last fifty years, nor is he unknown to our own old Boulevard du Crime. We see him coldly and deliberately cynical up to the moment when love touches him with its magic ring. That is a kind of conception that has passed its prime. Nowadays we are inclined to regard Don Juan as a kind of dupe, the plaything of woman from puberty to decrepitude. We picture him to ourselves more engaging when he first begins to sin, and less easy to convert when he has become hardened to it. We find it difficult to believe that thirty days of wedded bliss suffice to awake a conscience which has lain dormant for forty years. If the sense of morality were innate, it must have shown itself earlier; to have been acquired and to have reached such a degree of perfection and sensitiveness, it would have needed more time than the average duration of a honeymoon.

The situation which delighted so the English critics may be thus described. The seducer's wife has, without knowing it, given shelter to his victim. She wishes to help her to confront the man who has wronged her, and her heart breaks when she sees upon whom the penalty has to fall. I admit that the scenes leading up to this discovery, contrived with great ability, produce a veritable anguish in the spectator's mind, and that the scene between the husband and the wife, which follows after it, is on the same plane of emotion. But by what a number of improbable coincidences had this precious moment to be bought! Chance had to take Janet to Paddington station at the same moment as Leslie and her brother; Chance had to give this same Janet as "companion" to Miss Stonehay, Leslie's school friend; to send the Stonehays travelling towards the environs of Florence and the villa of the Renshaws; to synchronise Janet's illness and Dunstan's departure so that the two women may interest themselves in each other. And it is Chance again that makes Janet see Dunstan in Lord Dangars' company in order that the confusion may arise regarding the two men, and that this

Lord Dangars, who is Dunstan's friend, may become engaged to Irene Stonehay, the friend of Leslie. And even after Chance has made all these thoughtful arrangements, Renshaw's happiness might yet be saved, and this terrible danger by which it is threatened be avoided (and this great scene of Mr. Pinero's never come to pass), if only Janet were allowed to go as she desires, and as good sense and modesty make it right that she should. What is it that makes her stay? Who is it that advises her to bring about this scandal? No one but Leslie, and I cannot but think her ideas on the subject singularly gross for so refined a person. This advice she gives is grounded on the slenderest and most irrational of arguments; a score of conclusive replies could be given to the pitiful considerations she puts forward. But Janet has to be convinced. Otherwise, what would become of the crisis of this "Faultless Third Act"?

What surprises me most of all is the number of useless excrescences with which the author has encumbered his piece. What is the point of this solicitor who bores us, and who gives himself such important airs throughout the play without having the slightest influence upon the development of the plot? When, by a final stroke of chance, Leslie has come to know of the absurd love of which he is the victim, why should she let him see that she has heard? All she can find to say to him is, "Good-night." And "Good-night" is all he has to say in reply. This scene in four words could only be sublime or grotesque: I am inclined towards the latter view of it.

Had I been present at one of the first performances of *The Profligate*, I should have imagined myself in the presence of a talent that had lost its way, turning its back on the goal to which it should direct its steps, seeking beyond the confines of reality for some imaginative source of tears. I should have been wrong. Mr. Pinero is of a reflective turn of mind; he learns from his mistakes, and is not blinded by his successes. Before the echoes of the applause which greeted *The Profligate* in London had yet died out in the provinces and abroad, Mr. Pinero was at work upon another drama, conceived after a fashion quite different--quite contrary, in fact--a drama in half tints, with realistic touches; a sort of novel in dialogue. This was *Lady Bountiful*, produced on March 7, 1891.

In *Lady Bountiful* there is no question of any great fundamental truth, no great human interest. It is a very unequal piece of work, in turn very moving and very irritating, for of the two women in whom its interest centres, it happens unfortunately that one has the sympathy of the author and the other that of the public. But it showed, at least, that its author had found its way into the domain of psychological observation.

It was on May 27, 1893, that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was performed for the first time at the St. James's Theatre. It must be said, to the credit of the public, that its success was immediate, universal, and continued. The critic whom I have quoted so often exclaimed in a burst of joy, that here was a piece "which Dumas might sign without a blush." No one is

entitled to speak in the name of our greatest dramatist; but quite recently, when I re-read *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, I said to myself that if the greatest gift of M. Alexandre Dumas was that of embodying deep psychological and social observation in splendid eloquence or dazzling wit, this rare faculty is to be found almost in an equal degree in Pinero's masterpiece.

"The limitations of *Mrs. Tanqueray*," Mr. Archer goes on to say, "are really the limitations of the dramatic form." I would go further still, and say that such a piece enlarges the province of the theatre. Minute details are to be found in it, brought out by intelligent and carefully thought-out acting, which one would have regarded as too small to attract attention on the stage, shades that the theatre had left to the novel up till then. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is, like *Lady Bountiful*, an acted novel, but a novel excellently constructed. Its four acts are its four chief chapters, and it should be noticed that the first two of these chapters are purely analytical; but emotion is introduced imperceptibly into the play, and we step from psychology into drama without being conscious of the passage.

It is not the old, old subject of the courtesan in love, but that of the mistress raised to the dignity of wife. One of Mr. Pinero's clever notions is that of having in a sense left passion out of the question. It is clear, of course, that Tanqueray is very sensible of Paula's personal attractions. Who would not be, in the presence of so charming a woman? But there is another feeling mingled with this. He is neither a satyr nor a stoic, he assures his friend Cayley; he has a quite rational affection for "Mrs. Jarman"; hitherto she has never met a man who has been good to her; he, Tanqueray, will be good to her, that is all. Is he absolutely sincere? Is his affection quite so rational as he asserts? Cayley has his own ideas upon the subject, and so have we. Mr. Pinero has been charged with not having told us to what extent philanthropy--the craze for redeeming--entered into Tanqueray's marriage, to what extent the desire to have a pretty woman all to himself. But after all, was it incumbent on the author to give us Tanqueray's psychology? Was it not rather an indication of his æsthetic sense to keep the husband in the background, to leave him in half-tints so as not to mar the effect of the principal figure? That excellent actor, Mr. Alexander, seems to have felt this, for he effaced himself in the presence of Mrs. Campbell, though quite capable of filling the stage unassisted, as he showed in *The Masqueraders* and many other pieces. In regard to Tanqueray's character, this, however, should be noted, that, being rich and young enough to keep a mistress without looking ridiculous, he might, if he chose, have become Paula's lover. If he decided to make her his wife, it was first of all to give her pleasure, but also to satisfy a sense of devotion and of virtue in himself. This I believe to be quite true to life. He was born to believe in women--not to be deceived by them, but to deceive himself in their regard: which is a different thing, and perhaps more serious. His first wife was like a nun. He ends with a courtesan. The law of moral oscillation requires that he

should go from the iceberg (it is thus the first Mrs. Tanqueray is described to us) to a volcano. Like all weak men, he would play the part of *_un homme fort_*. With Paula's arm passed through his, he is ready to look the world in the face; but when on the eve of their wedding she comes to see him at eleven o'clock at night, his first remark is, "What will your coachman say?" This remark lights up his whole character, and for my part I require nothing more.

But Paula! What a complex character is hers, and how true in all its aspects! How important to the delineation of this character, and how suggestive, is everything she says--even her most trifling remarks; with what tact and cleverness are her very silences contrived! And with what an infinity of deft and delicate touches has the masterpiece been brought to perfection! She is a courtesan, but with an elegance of manners which imparts to her an air of poetry, and which makes her more akin to a Gladys Harvey than to a Marguerite Gautier. There are women who traverse muddy ways with so light a step that they do not sink in them, and that one but guesses where they have passed from little stains upon the tips of their shoes. One or two traits reveal to us the irregularity of Paula's life; the mobility of her impressions, the manner at once fanciful and passive in which she allows chance to regulate her actions. She has forgotten to order her dinner; her cook, a "beast" who "detests" her, has pretended to believe that she was not dining at home, and has given himself an evening out. So she has got herself up in *_grande toilette_* and has taken up her position in her dining-room, her feet on the fender. Here she has fallen asleep and dreamt. She tells us her dream later, the while she sups off the dessert of the farewell dinner Tanqueray had given to three old bachelor friends. To sup instead of dining, does not this in itself suggest a whole conception of life? Whoever gets into the way of it will never be able to reconcile himself to the respectable regularity of the family joint.

Thus it is with her in everything. She has acquired a certain *_ton_*, now brusque, now bewitching, an air of Bohemianism, and a whole host of opinions which could never tally with the rôle of married woman; and these characteristics have become embedded in her nature. Her irregularity of word and deed goes with a like incoherence of thought and feeling. Sombre moods succeed suddenly to extreme gaiety and vanish as suddenly again. The idea of suicide comes to her; next moment she bursts into laughter at the sight of the mournful expression she has evoked on Aubrey's countenance. She has so serious a way of saying the wildest things, and says the most serious things so frivolously, that you don't know what to believe; her every word leaves you under her spell, and this effect is intensified more and more. She is a really "good" woman, Tanqueray will declare just now to his friend. It is neither an illusion on his part nor even an exaggeration. Paula is "good" and loyal; she has kept back from Aubrey nothing of her past. Better still, she has spent this last day writing out a general confession, with a precision and scrupulousness in which there is a touch of childishness, a touch of cynicism, and a touch, I think, of

heroism. She weighs the letter with a smile. It is heavy! She wonders if the post would take all that for a penny! She says to Aubrey, quite simply, without affectation of any kind, without any airs of tragedy about her, that she wants him to read this letter and to think over it; and then, on the morrow, at the last moment, if he changes his mind, let him send her a line before eleven o'clock, and--"I--I'll take the blow!" Aubrey puts the letter into the fire and she throws her arms round his neck; she tells him quite frankly she had counted upon his doing so, an admission which would quite spoil her "effect," had she sought one.

Has the question ever been better set? Think of the *Mariage d'Olympe*. The insolent and hypocritical *gueuse* stood revealed before she had uttered half a dozen words. We knew she could never become acclimatised to that family of honest folk, amongst whom fortune had thrown her. Where, then, was the problem? All Augier's wonderful cleverness hardly sufficed to make us await during two hours the punishment of the wretched woman. Paula is sincere; she is a woman of heart and brain; she is as good as the women of that world in which she hopes to take her place. In the absence of a *grande passion*, she feels a grateful tenderness for the gallant fellow who would lift her up; she is fully resolved to be faithful to him and to make him happy. We desire ardently her success. Why should she not succeed?

We learn in the second act. First of all, because, once she is married, Paula gets bored. The world will not visit her, and custom does not permit of her taking the initiative. She is a kind of prisoner in the beautiful country-house in Surrey. The monotonous tranquillity of "home" oppresses her after the feverish, exciting existence she has led; the quiet wearies her to death. Here is her account of her day's occupations from hour to hour.

"In the morning, a drive down to the village, with the groom, to give my orders to the tradespeople. At lunch, you and Ellean. In the afternoon, a novel, the newspapers; if fine, another drive--if fine! Tea--you and Ellean. Then two hours of dusk; then dinner--you and Ellean. Then a game of Bésique, you and I, while Ellean reads a religious book in a dull corner. Then a yawn from me, another from you, a sigh from Ellean, three figures suddenly rise--'Good-night! good-night! good-night!' (Imitating a kiss.) 'God bless you!' Ah!"

With Cayley she speaks out more strongly. He asks her how she is.

Paula (*walking away to the window*): "Oh, a dog's life, my dear Cayley, mine."

Drummle: "Eh?"

Paula: "Doesn't that define a happy marriage? I'm sleek, well-kept, well-fed, never without a bone to gnaw and fresh straw to lie upon."

(_Gazing out of the window._) Oh, dear me!"

Drummle: "H'm, well, I heartily congratulate you on your kennel. The view from the terrace is superb."

Paula: "Yes, I can see London."

Drummle: "London! Not quite so far, surely?"

Paula: "I can. Also the Mediterranean on a fine day. I wonder what Algiers looks like this morning from the sea? (_Impulsively_) Oh, Cayley! do you remember those jolly times on board Peter Jarman's yacht, when we lay off"--(_Stopping suddenly, seeing Drummle staring at her_).

Has she ceased to love her husband and to appreciate the sacrifice he has made for her? By no means. When he asks her tenderly what he can do for her, she tells him he can do nothing more. He has done all he could do. He has married her. She accuses herself. Fool that she was, why did she ever want to be married? Because the other women of her world were not. The title of married woman looked so fine, seen from afar. Instead of trying to make her way into a circle of people who would have nothing to say to her, why not have lived happily with Aubrey in her own sphere, in which she would have experienced neither the cold insolences of well-bred people nor the inexorable uniformity of well-to-do, respectable life?

But these are Paula's least serious trials. There is another woman in the house--the daughter by the first marriage. She has shut herself up in a convent, but just when her father is marrying again she decides to resume her place in his household. This young girl inspires in Paula a double jealousy. Paula envies her the tenderness shown her by Tanqueray; she feels that this tenderness is very different from the love she herself inspires. Then she would fain win the love of this child, who, warned by some instinct, draws away from her and shrinks from her caresses. It is a shame, she cries, for after all the girl knows nothing--she ought to love her. Then, forgetting that love does not come to order, that advice cannot produce it, that it is begged for in vain, she exclaims to Tanqueray, that he should command Ellean to love her. This love would do her so much good. It would expel from her nature that mischievous feeling which carries her into deeds of rashness and folly.

A neighbour, a lady who has for long been a family friend of the Tanquerays, comes to call on her at last, but it is only to take her step-daughter to some extent from under her care. What is it intended to do? To find some distractions for Ellean and get her married if possible (it being obvious that Paula cannot take her into society), and thus to bring about a freer and quieter time for Paula and her husband. But Paula can see in all this nothing but a conspiracy formed behind her back, and in which her husband is mixed up. Then ensues a passionate scene in which bursts out all the terrible violence of this spoilt-child-like character,

embittered by a false position. Now there remains nothing more for us to learn about her.

When we see Ellean again in the third act, a great change has come over her. On her travels she has come across a man whom she loves and who wants her to marry him. Paula is overwhelmed with delight. She sees an opportunity of playing the part of a mother. She will help on this love-affair, and Ellean will love her out of gratitude. Already the ice in which the young girl's heart has been locked is beginning to melt. She is to be found acknowledging to Paula the feeling of repulsion she at first had entertained for her, and trying to explain away, and express her sorrow for, her conduct. But the man who has gained the love of the girl is one of the former lovers of the woman!

This is the situation which forms the subject of the last two acts, and which leads Paula in the end to suicide. The circumstance which brings her face to face with a man whom she had known before her marriage is likely enough; that which makes of him a suitor for the hand of Ellean is less natural, but not impossible, and it would be ungracious--after the author has so richly catered for our psychological curiosity by his rare gifts of analysis--to carp at the means he has employed of stirring our sensibility. He has made it clear to us from out the close of the second act that the domestication of the courtesan is an impossible dream; and the appearance of Captain Ardale, bringing things to a crisis, does but render the antagonism between Past and Present, visible, palpable, crushing. And the Future, what of it? We are to be shown it; for nothing has been overlooked by the stern logic which informs this play, underlying and disguising itself, but not altogether hidden, under the aspect of humour and emotion. Paula, her mind already full of those thoughts of death she had, as it were, flirted with in the first act, replies to her husband, who has suggested as a remedy their migration to some distant land:--She sees her beauty, she tells him, fading little by little, her beauty that was her one strength, her one unfailing excuse; she sees herself *_tête-à-tête_* with this cruel and insoluble problem, with the bitter memory of her misdeeds, with the consciousness of the harm she had suffered and had wrought.... I shall never forget this scene. How her hoarse voice vibrated, and its accents of despair! How her every word went to the heart and sank in it! The actress had her share in this great triumph, and it was one of the strokes of luck attending this fortunate play that it was the means of revealing a great artist.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a woman of Society who was led by circumstances and an unusually strong vocation to embrace the stage. She is said to have Italian blood in her veins; hence, no doubt, that nervous delicacy of hers, that *_morbidezza_* which shades, veils, tempers, refines her talent no less than her beauty. She has neither the originality, nor the knowledge, nor the voice of Sarah Bernhardt, but she possesses that magnetic personality of which I have spoken with reference to Irving, and with which there is no such thing as a bad part. If this personality must

be described, I would say that Mrs. Campbell's province as an actress is more particularly that of dangerous love. That voice of hers, though it has but little sonorousness, power, or richness, produces in one a sense of disquiet and distress, straitens the heart with a kind of fascinating delicious fear that I would describe as the *_curiosité de souffrir_*. You feel that if you love her you are lost, but once you have seen her it is too late to attempt resistance. The generations which believed in the human will, which asked for simple tenderness, pert coquetry or imperious passion in a heroine, would never have understood her. She has come just in time to lull our dolorous philosophy, to show incarnate in woman the victim and the instrument of destiny.

It was with the same ally that Mr. Pinero risked his next battle, in January 1895, at the Garrick. I shall not analyse *_The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith_*. I acknowledge that the piece is full of charming traits, and that the melodramatic element has been carefully eliminated from it. But I am obliged also to say that the author has seized one of the serious questions of the time, the emancipation of woman, and her revolt, justified in some respects, against marriage, and that this great subject has been allowed to slip through his fingers. Agnes Ebbsmith is on the point of seeking consolation in free love for the troubles and humiliations of her married life. She has rejected a copy of the Bible which a friend has offered as a last resource. She has thrown it into the fire, then in a sudden reaction she rushes to the fireplace, plunges her arm into the flame, rescues the sacred book, and falls upon her knees. The scene is a very fine one, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell never failed in it to bring down the house. But the conversion of Agnes is a *_dénouement_*--not a solution, unless Mr. Pinero would have us believe that the modern woman will find in the Bible a response to all her anxieties, a remedy to all her ills. It is a delicate thesis, and not wishing to discuss it I shall remain silent. I prefer to bring my account of his talent to a stop, provisionally, with this admirable *_Mrs. Tanqueray_*, which submits and solves a moral problem at the same time that it sets forth and brings to its natural close a drama of domestic life.

From The Project Gutenberg EBook #36590 of The English Stage,
by Augustin Filon, Translated by Frederic Whyte

THE BOHEMIAN PICNIC SUPPER.

From the Project Gutenberg EBook #33975 of *Suppers*, by Paul Pierce

An indoor moonlight picnic is a new diversion. The lights should be hidden by soft white silk shades, giving a moonlight effect, and the rooms decorated with foliage plants. A fishpond with grotesque objects, including a live mermaid, (a man in startling costume), is one feature. In one room is a "merry-go-round." The chairs are placed in a circle and a graphophone in the center plays popular tunes. At 10 o'clock the doors

to the dining room are opened. The table cloth is spread on the floor, surrounded by cushions. In one corner of the room are the baskets containing the supper of sandwiches, olives, pickles, baked beans, cake, pie and other picnic favorites. The girls take the viands from the baskets and arrange them on the floor, while the men serve coffee from a coffee boiler on a small table. During the meal each guest is obliged to describe some picnic he has attended or pay a forfeit.

Curry Sandwiches

Rub one Neufchatel or Philadelphia cream cheese to a paste. Add one pimienta, chopped fine; a dozen almonds put through the meat grinder; a dozen pecan meats, also ground; a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a level teaspoonful of curry and two tablespoonfuls of desiccated grated cocoanut. Mix thoroughly, add sufficient olive oil to make a smooth paste, and spread between thin, unbuttered slices of white bread; trim the crusts and cut into long fingers. These are nice to serve with plain lettuce salad at dinner.

Spanish Sandwiches

Mash the hard-boiled yolks of three eggs, add twelve boiled shrimps, either pounded in a mortar or chopped very fine. Add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil or butter, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, two saltspoonfuls of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt, and at last stir in four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Spread this between thin slices of buttered bread, trim the crusts and cut into shape.

From: PG EBook #29329 of *Sandwiches*, by Sarah Tyson Heston Rorer

BAKED BEANS.

From: *THE EVERY-DAY COOK-BOOK*

BY MISS E. NEILL (1889) on Archive.org

Pick one quart of beans free from stones and dirt. Wash, and soak in cold water over night. In the morning pour off the water. Cover with hot water, put two pounds of corned beef with them, and boil until they begin to split open (the time depends upon the age of the beans, but it will be from thirty to sixty minutes). Turn them into the colander, and pour over them two or three quarts of cold water. Put about half of the beans in a deep earthen pot, then put in the beef, and finally the remainder of the beans. Mix one teaspoonful of mustard and one tablespoonful of molasses with a little water. Pour this over the beans, and then add boiling water to just cover. Bake slowly ten hours. Add a little water occasionally.

THE VOYAGE FROM VALPARAISO TO CANTON VIA TAHITI.

From: *A Woman's Journey Round the World*

by Ida Pfeiffer

eBook #11039

DEPARTURE FROM VALPARAISO--TAHITI--MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE--FETE AND BALL IN HONOUR OF LOUIS PHILIPPE--EXCURSIONS--A TAHITIAN DINNER--THE LAKE VAIHIRIA--THE DEFILE OF FANTAU AND THE DIADEM--DEPARTURE--ARRIVAL IN CHINA.

On the 17th of March, Captain Van Wyk Jurianse sent me word that his ship was ready for sea, and that he should set sail the next morning. The news was very unwelcome to me, as, for the last two days, I had been suffering from English cholera, which on board ship, where the patient cannot procure meat broth or any other light nourishment, and where he is always more exposed to the sudden changes of the weather than he is on shore, is very apt to be attended with grave results. I did not, however, wish to miss the opportunity of visiting China, knowing how rarely it occurred, nor was I desirous of losing the two hundred dollars (40 pounds) already paid for my passage, and I therefore went on board, trusting in my good luck, which had never forsaken me on my travels.

During the first few days, I endeavoured to master my illness by observing a strict diet, and abstaining from almost everything, but to no purpose. I still continued to suffer, until I luckily thought of using salt-water baths. I took them in a large tub, in which I remained a quarter of an hour. After the second bath, I felt much better, and after the sixth, I was completely recovered. I merely mention this malady, to which I was very subject in warm climates, that I may have the opportunity of remarking, that sea-baths or cooling drinks, such as buttermilk, sour milk, sherbet, orangeade, etc., are very efficacious remedies.

The ship in which I made my present voyage, was the Dutch barque Lootpuit, a fine, strong vessel, quite remarkable for its cleanliness. The table was pretty good, too, with the exception of a few Dutch dishes, and a superfluity of onions. To these, which played a prominent part in everything that was served up, I really could not accustom myself, and felt greatly delighted that a large quantity of this noble production of the vegetable kingdom became spoilt during the voyage.

The captain was a polite and kind man, and the mates and sailors

were also civil and obliging. In fact, as a general rule, in every ship that I embarked in, I was far from finding seamen so rough and uncivil as travellers often represent them to be. Their manners are certainly not the most polished in the world, neither are they extraordinarily attentive or delicate, but their hearts and dispositions are mostly good.

After three days' sailing, we saw, on the 21st March, the island of St. Felix, and on the morning following, St. Ambrosio. They both consist of naked, inhospitable masses of rock, and serve at most as resting places for a few gulls.

We were now within the tropics, but found the heat greatly moderated by the trade wind, and only unbearable in the cabin.

For nearly a month did we now sail on, without the slightest interruption, free from storms, with the same monotonous prospect of sky and water before us, until, on the 19th of April, we reached the Archipelago of the Society Islands. This Archipelago, stretching from 130 to 140 degrees longitude, is very dangerous, as most of the islands composing it scarcely rise above the surface of the water; in fact, to make out David Clark's Island, which was only twelve miles distant, the captain was obliged to mount to the shrouds.

During the night of the 21st to the 22nd of April we were overtaken by a sudden and violent storm, accompanied by heavy thunder; this storm our captain termed a thunder-gust. While it lasted flashes of lightning frequently played around the mast-top, occasioned by electricity. They generally flutter for two or three minutes about the most elevated point of any object, and then disappear.

The night of the 22nd to the 23rd of April was a very dangerous one; even the captain said so. We had to pass several of the low islands in dark rainy weather, which completely concealed the moon from us. About midnight our position was rendered worse by the springing up of a strong wind, which, together with incessant flashes of lightning, caused us to expect another squall; luckily, however, morning broke, and we escaped both the storm and the islands.

In the course of the day we passed the Bice Islands, and two days later, on the 25th of April, we beheld one of the Society Islands, Maithia.

On the following morning, being the thirty-ninth of our voyage, we came in sight of Tahiti, and the island opposite to it, Emao, also called Moreo. The entrance into Papeiti, the port of Tahiti, is exceedingly dangerous; it is surrounded by reefs of coral as by a fortress, while wild and foaming breakers, rolling on every side, leave but a small place open through which a vessel can steer.

A pilot came out to meet us, and, although the wind was so unfavourable that the sails had to be trimmed every instant, steered us safely into port. Afterwards, when we had landed, we were congratulated heartily on our good fortune; every one had watched our course with the greatest anxiety, and, at the last turn the ship took, expected to see her strike upon a coral reef. This misfortune had happened to a French man-of-war, that at the period of our arrival had been lying at anchor for some months, engaged in repairing the damage done.

Before we could come to an anchor we were surrounded by half-a-dozen pirogues, or boats, manned by Indians, who climbed up from all sides upon the deck to offer us fruit and shell-fish, but not as formerly for red rags or glass beads--such golden times for travellers are over. They demanded money, and were as grasping and cunning in their dealings as the most civilized Europeans. I offered one of them a small bronze ring; he took it, smelt it, shook his head, and gave me to understand that it was not gold. He remarked another ring on my finger, and seizing hold of my hand, smelt this second ring as well, then twisted his face into a friendly smile, and made signs for me to give him the ornament in question. I afterwards had frequent opportunities of remarking that the natives of these islands have the power of distinguishing between pure and counterfeit gold by the smell.

Some years ago the island of Tahiti was under the protection of the English, but at present it is under that of the French. It had long been a subject of dispute between the two nations, until a friendly understanding was at last come to in November, 1846. Queen Pomare, who had fled to another island, had returned to Papeiti five weeks before my arrival. She resides in a four-roomed house, and dines daily, with her family, at the governor's table. The French government is having a handsome house built for her use, and allows her a pension of 25,000 francs per annum (1 pounds,041 13s. 4d.). No stranger is allowed to visit her without the governor's permission, but this is easily obtained.

Papeiti was full of French troops, and several men-of-war were lying at anchor.

The place contains three or four thousand inhabitants, and consists of a row of small wooden houses, skirting the harbour, and separated by small gardens. In the immediate background is a fine wood, with a number of huts scattered about in different parts of it.

The principal buildings are--the governor's house, the French magazines, the military bakehouse, the barracks, and the queen's house, which however is not quite completed. Besides these, a

number of small wooden houses were in the course of erection, the want of them being greatly felt; at the time of my visit even officers of high rank were obliged to be contented with the most wretched huts.

I went from hut to hut in the hopes of being able to obtain some small room or other; but in vain, all were already occupied. I was at last obliged to be satisfied with a small piece of ground, which I found at a carpenter's, whose room was already inhabited by four different individuals. I was shown a place behind the door, exactly six feet long and four broad. There was no flooring but the earth itself; the walls were composed of wicker work; a bed was quite out of the question, and yet for this accommodation I was obliged to pay one florin and thirty kreutzers a-week (about 7s.)

The residence or hut of an Indian consists simply of a roof of palm-trees, supported on a number of poles, with sometimes the addition of walls formed of wicker-work. Each hut contains only one room, from twenty to fifty feet long, and from ten to thirty feet broad, and is frequently occupied by several families at the same time. The furniture is composed of finely woven straw mats, a few coverlids, and two or three wooden chests and stools; the last, however, are reckoned articles of luxury. Cooking utensils are not wanted, as the cookery of the Indians does not include soups or sauces, their provisions being simply roasted between hot stones. All they require is a knife, and a cocoa shell for water.

Before their huts, or on the shore, lie their piroques, formed of the trunks of trees hollowed out, and so narrow, small, and shallow, that they would constantly be overturning, if there were not on one side five or six sticks, each about a foot long, fastened by a cross-bar to preserve the equilibrium. In spite of this, however, one of these boats is very easily upset, unless a person steps in very cautiously. When, on one occasion, I proceeded in a piroque to the ship, the good-hearted captain was horror-struck, and, in his concern for my safety, even reprimanded me severely, and besought me not to repeat the experiment a second time.

The costume of the Indians has been, since the first settlement of the missionaries (about fifty years ago), tolerably becoming, especially in the neighbourhood of Papeiti. Both men and women wear round their loins a kind of apron, made of coloured stuff, and called a pareo; the women let it fall as low down as their ancles; the men not farther than the calf of the leg. The latter have a short coloured shirt underneath it, and again beneath that, large flowing trousers. The women wear a long full blouse. Both sexes wear flowers in their ears, which have such large holes bored in them that the stalk can very easily be drawn through. The women, both old and young, adorn themselves with garlands of leaves and

flowers, which they make in the most artistic and elegant manner. I have often seen men, too, weaving the same kind of ornament.

On grand occasions, they cast over their ordinary dress an upper garment, called a tiputa, the cloth of which they manufacture themselves from the bark of the bread and cocoa trees. The bark, while still tender, is beaten between two stones, until it is as thin as paper; it is then coloured yellow and brown.

One Sunday I went into the meeting-house to see the people assembled there. {73} Before entering they all laid aside their flowers, with which they again ornamented themselves at their departure. Some of the women had black satin blouses on, and European bonnets of an exceedingly ancient date. It would not be easy to find a more ugly sight than that of their plump, heavy heads and faces in these old-fashioned bonnets.

During the singing of the psalms there was some degree of attention, and many of the congregation joined in very becomingly; but while the clergyman was performing the service, I could not remark the slightest degree of devotion in any of them; the children played, joked, and ate, while the adults gossiped or slept; and although I was assured that many could read and even write, I saw only two old men who made any use of their Bibles.

The men are a remarkably strong and vigorous race, six feet being by no means an uncommon height amongst them. The women, likewise, are very tall, but too muscular--they might even be termed unwieldy. The features of the men are handsomer than those of the women. They have beautiful teeth and fine dark eyes, but generally a large mouth, thick lips, and an ugly nose, the cartilage being slightly crushed when the child is born, so that the nose becomes flat and broad. This fashion appears to be most popular with the females, for their noses are the ugliest. Their hair is jet black and thick, but coarse; the women and girls generally wear it plaited in two knots. The colour of their skin is a copper-brown. All the natives are tattooed, generally from the hips half down the legs, and frequently this mode of ornamenting themselves is extended to the hands, feet, or other parts of the body. The designs resemble arabesques; they are regular and artistic in their composition, and executed with much taste.

That the population of this place should be so vigorous and well-formed is the more surprising, if we reflect on their depraved and immoral kind of life. Little girls of seven or eight years old have their lovers of twelve or fourteen, and their parents are quite proud of the fact. The more lovers a girl has the more she is respected. As long as she is not married she leads a most dissolute life, and it is said that not all the married women make the most

faithful wives possible.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing the national dances, which are the most unbecoming I ever beheld, although every painter would envy me my good fortune. Let the reader picture to himself a grove of splendid palms, and other gigantic trees of the torrid zone, with a number of open huts, and a crowd of good-humoured islanders assembled beneath, to greet, in their fashion, the lovely evening, which is fast approaching. Before one of the huts a circle is formed, and in the centre sit two herculean and half-naked natives, beating time most vigorously on small drums. Five similar colossi are seated before them, moving the upper parts of their bodies in the most horrible and violent manner, and more especially the arms, hands, and fingers; the latter they have the power of moving in every separate joint. I imagine, that by these gestures they desired to represent how they pursue their enemy, ridicule his cowardice, rejoice at their victory, and so forth. During all this time they howl continually in a most discordant manner, and make the most hideous faces. At the commencement, the men appear alone upon the scene of action, but after a short time two female forms dart forward from among the spectators, and dance and rave like two maniacs; the more unbecoming, bold, and indecent their gestures, the greater the applause. The whole affair does not, at most, last longer than two minutes, and the pause before another dance is commenced not much longer. An evening's amusement of this description often lasts for hours. The younger members of society very seldom take any part in the dances.

It is a great question whether the immorality of these islanders has been lessened by French civilization. From my own observations, as well as from what I was told by persons well informed on the subject, I should say that this has not yet been the case, and that, for the present, there is but little hope of its being so: while, on the other side, the natives have acquired a number of useless wants, in consequence of which, the greed for gold has been fearfully awakened in their breasts. As they are naturally very lazy, and above all things disinclined to work, they have made the female portion of the community the means of gaining money. Parents, brothers, and even husbands, offer to their foreign masters those belonging to them, while the women themselves offer no opposition, as in this manner they can obtain the means for their own display, and money for their relations without trouble. Every officer's house is the rendezvous of several native beauties, who go out and in at every hour of the day. Even abroad they are not particular; they will accompany any man without the least hesitation, and no gentleman ever refuses a conductress of this description.

As a female of an advanced age, I may be allowed to make a few

observations upon such a state of things, and I frankly own that, although I have travelled much and seen a great deal, I never witnessed such shameful scenes of public depravity.

As a proof of what I assert, I will mention a little affair which happened one day before my hut.

Four fat graces were squatted on the ground smoking tobacco, when an officer, who happened to be passing, caught a glimpse of the charming picture, rushed up at double quick pace and caught hold of one of the beauties by the shoulder. He began by speaking softly to her, but as his anger increased, he changed his tone to one of loud abuse. But neither entreaties nor threats produced the slightest effect upon the delicate creature to whom they were addressed; she remained coolly in the same position, continuing to smoke with the greatest indifference, and without deigning even to cast upon her excited swain a look, far less answer him a word. He became enraged to such a pitch, that he so far forgot himself as to loosen the golden ear-rings from her ears, and threatened to take away all the finery he had given her. Even this was not sufficient to rouse the girl from her stolid calmness, and the valiant officer was, at last, obliged to retreat from the field of battle.

From his conversation, which was half in French and half in the native dialect, I learned that in three months the girl had cost him about four hundred francs in dress and jewellery. Her wishes were satisfied, and she quietly refused to have anything more to say to him.

I very often heard the feeling, attachment, and kindness of this people spoken of in terms of high praise, with which, however, I cannot unreservedly agree. Their kindness I will not precisely dispute; they readily invite a stranger to share their hospitality, and even kill a pig in his honour, give him a part of their couch, etc.; but all this costs them no trouble, and if they are offered money in return, they take it eagerly enough, without so much as thanking the donor. As for feeling and attachment, I should almost be inclined to deny that they possessed them in the slightest degree; I saw only sensuality, and none of the nobler sentiments. I shall return to this subject when describing my journey through the island.

On the 1st of May I witnessed a highly interesting scene. It was the fete of Louis Philippe, the King of the French; and the governor, Monsieur Bruat, exerted himself to the utmost to amuse the population of Tahiti. In the forenoon, there was a tournament on the water, in which the French sailors were the performers. Several boats with lusty oarsmen put out to sea. In the bows of each boat was a kind of ladder or steps, on which stood one of the combatants

with a pole. The boats were then pulled close to one another, and each combatant endeavoured to push his antagonist into the water. Besides this, there was a Mat de Cocagne, with coloured shirts, ribbons, and other trifles fluttering at the top, for whoever chose to climb up and get them. At 12 o'clock the chiefs and principal personages were entertained at dinner. On the grass plot before the governor's house were heaped up various sorts of provisions, such as salt meat, bacon, bread, baked pork, fruits, etc.; but instead of the guests taking their places all around, as we had supposed they would have done, the chiefs divided everything into different portions, and each carried his share home. In the evening there were fireworks, and a ball.

No part of the entertainment amused me more than the ball, where I witnessed the most startling contrasts of art and nature. Elegant Frenchwomen side by side with their brown, awkward sisters, and the staff officers in full uniform, in juxtaposition with the half-naked islanders. Many of the natives wore, on this occasion, broad white trousers, with a shirt over them; but there were others who had no other garments than the ordinary short shirt and the pareo. One of the chiefs who appeared in this costume, and was afflicted with Elephantiasis, {76} offered a most repulsive spectacle.

This evening I saw Queen Pomare for the first time. She is a woman of 36 years of age, tall and stout, but tolerably well preserved--as a general rule, I found that the women here fade much less quickly than in other warm climates--her face is far from ugly, and there is a most good-natured expression round her mouth, and the lower portion of her face. She was enveloped in a sky-blue satin gown, or rather, sort of blouse, ornamented all round with two rows of rich black blond. She wore large jessamine blossoms in her ears, and a wreath of flowers in her hair, while in her hand she carried a fine pocket handkerchief beautifully embroidered, and ornamented with broad lace. In honour of the evening, she had forced her feet into shoes and stockings, though on other occasions she went barefoot. The entire costume was a present from the King of the French.

The queen's husband, who is younger than herself, is the handsomest man in Tahiti. The French jokingly call him the Prince Albert of Tahiti, not only on account of his good looks, but because, like Prince Albert in England, he is not named "the king," but simply, "the queen's consort." He had on the uniform of a French general, which became him very well; the more so, that he was not in the least embarrassed in it. The only drawback were his feet, which were very ugly and awkward.

Besides these two high personages, there was in the company another crowned head, namely, King Otoume, the owner of one of the neighbouring islands. He presented a most comical appearance,

having put on, over a pair of full but short white trousers, a bright yellow calico coat, that most certainly had not been made by a Parisian artiste, for it was a perfect model of what a coat ought not to be. This monarch was barefoot.

The queen's ladies of honour, four in number, as well as most of the wives and daughters of the chiefs, were dressed in white muslin. They had also flowers in their ears, and garlands in their hair. Their behaviour and deportment were surprising, and three of the young ladies actually danced French quadrilles with the officers, without making a fault in the figures. I was only anxious for their feet, as no one, save the royal couple, wore either shoes or stockings. Some of the old women had arrayed themselves in European bonnets, while the young ones brought their children, even the youngest, with them, and, to quiet the latter, suckled them without ceremony before the company.

Before supper was announced, the queen disappeared in an adjoining room to smoke a cigar or two, while her husband passed the time in playing billiards.

At table I was seated between Prince Albert of Tahiti and the canary-coloured King Otoume. They were both sufficiently advanced in the rules of good breeding to show me the usual civilities; that is, to fill my glass with water or wine, to hand me the various dishes, and so on; but it was evident that they were at great trouble to catch the tone of European society. Some of the guests, however, forgot their parts now and then: the queen, for instance, asked, during the dessert, for a second plate, which she filled with sweetmeats, and ordered to be put on one side for her to take home with her. Others had to be prevented from indulging too much in the generous champagne; but, on the whole, the entertainment passed off in a becoming and good-humoured manner.

I subsequently dined with the royal family several times at the governor's. The queen then appeared in the national costume, with the coloured pareo and chemise, as did also her husband. Both were barefoot. The heir apparent, a boy of nine years old, is affianced to the daughter of a neighbouring king. The bride, who is a few years older than the prince, is being educated at the court of Queen Pomare, and instructed in the Christian religion, and the English and Tahitian languages.

The arrangements of the queen's residence are exceedingly simple. For the present, until the stone house which is being built for her by the French government is completed, she lives in a wooden one containing four rooms, and partly furnished with European furniture.

As peace was now declared in Tahiti, there was no obstacle to my

making a journey through the whole island. I had obtained a fortnight's leave of absence from the captain, and was desirous of devoting this time to a trip. I imagined that I should have been able to join one or other of the officers, who are often obliged to journey through the island on affairs connected with the government. To my great surprise I found, however, that they had all some extraordinary reason why it was impossible for me to accompany them at that particular time. I was at a loss to account for this incivility, until one of the officers themselves told me the answer to the riddle, which was this: every gentleman always travelled with his mistress.

Monsieur ---, {78} who let me into the secret, offered to take me with him to Papara, where he resided; but even he did not travel alone, as, besides his mistress, Tati, the principal chief of the island, and his family, accompanied him. This chief had come to Papeiti to be present at the fete of the 1st of May.

On the 4th of May we put off to sea in a boat, for the purpose of coasting round to Papara, forty-two miles distant. I found the chief Tati to be a lively old man nearly ninety years of age, who remembered perfectly the second landing of the celebrated circumnavigator of the globe, Captain Cook. His father was, at that period, the principal chief, and had concluded a friendly alliance with Cook, and, according to the custom then prevalent at Tahiti, had changed names with him.

Tati enjoys from the French government a yearly pension of 6,000 francs (240 pounds), which, after his death, will fall to his eldest son.

He had with him his young wife and five of his sons; the former was twenty-three years old, and the ages of the latter varied from twelve to eighteen. The children were all the offspring of other marriages, this being his fifth wife.

As we had not left Papeiti till nearly noon, and as the sun sets soon after six o'clock, and the passage between the numberless rocks is highly dangerous, we landed at Paya (22 miles), where a sixth son of Tati's ruled as chief.

The island is intersected in all directions by noble mountains, the loftiest of which, the Oroena, is 6,200 feet high. In the middle of the island the mountains separate, and a most remarkable mass of rock raises itself from the midst of them. It has the form of a diadem with a number of points, and it is to this circumstance that it owes its name. Around the mountain range winds a forest girdle, from four to six hundred paces broad; it is inhabited, and contains the most delicious fruit. Nowhere did I ever eat such bread-fruit,

mangoes, oranges, and guavas, as I did here. As for cocoa-nuts, the natives are so extravagant with them, that they generally merely drink the water they contain, and then throw away the shell and the fruit. In the mountains and ravines there are a great quantity of plantains, a kind of banana, which are not commonly eaten, however, without being roasted. The huts of the natives lie scattered here and there along the shore; it is very seldom that a dozen of these huts are seen together.

The bread-fruit is somewhat similar in shape to a water-melon, and weighs from four to six pounds. The outside is green, and rather rough and thin. The natives scrape it with mussel-shells, and then split the fruit up long ways into two portions, which they roast between two heated stones. The taste is delicious; it is finer than that of potatoes, and so like bread that the latter may be dispensed with without any inconvenience. The South Sea Islands are the real home of the fruit. It is true that it grows in other parts of the tropics, but it is very different from that produced here. In Brazil, for instance, where the people call it monkeys' bread, it weighs from five to thirty pounds, and is full inside of kernels, which are taken out and eaten when the fruit is roasted. These kernels taste like chestnuts.

The mango is a fruit resembling an apple, and of the size of a man's fist; both the rind and the fruit itself are yellow. It tastes a little like turpentine, but loses this taste more and more the riper it gets. This fruit is of the best description; it is full and juicy, and has a long, broad kernel in the middle. The bread and mango trees grow to a great height and circumference. The leaves of the former are about three feet long, a foot and a-half broad, and deeply serrated; while those of the latter are not much larger than the leaves of our own apple-trees.

Before reaching Paya, we passed several interesting places, among which may be mentioned Foar, a small French fort, situated upon a hill. Near Taipari it is necessary to pass between two rows of dangerous breakers, called the "Devil's Entrance." The foaming waves rose in such volume and to so great a height, that they might almost be mistaken for walls. In the plain near Punavia is a large fort supported by several towers, built upon the neighbouring hills. At this point the scenery is beautiful. The mountain range breaks here, so that the eye can follow for a long distance the windings of a picturesque valley, with the black and lofty mountain Olofena in the background.

Delighted as I was, however, with the beauty of the objects around me, I was no less pleased with those beneath. Our boat glided along over countless shallows, where the water was as clear as crystal, so that the smallest pebble at the bottom was distinctly visible. I

could observe groups and clusters of coloured coral and madrepore-stone, whose magnificence challenges all description. It might be said that there was a quantity of fairy flower and kitchen gardens in the sea, full of gigantic flowers, blossoms, and leaves, varied by fungi and pulse of every description, like open arabesque work, the whole interspersed with pretty groups of rocks of every hue. The most lovely shell-fish were clinging to these rocks, or lying scattered on the ground, while endless shoals of variegated fish darted in and out between them, like so many butterflies and humming-birds. These delicate creatures were scarcely four inches long, and surpassed in richness of colour anything I had ever seen. Many of them were of the purest sky-blue, others a light yellow, while some, again, that were almost transparent, were brown, green, etc.

On our arrival at Paya, about 6 in the evening, the young Tati had a pig, weighing eighteen or twenty pounds, killed and cooked, after the fashion of Tahiti, in honour of his father. A large fire was kindled in a shallow pit, in which were a number of stones. A quantity of bread-fruit (majore), that had been first peeled and split into two portions with a very sharp wooden axe, was then brought. When the fire had gone out, and the stones heated to the requisite degree, the pig and the fruit were laid upon them, a few other heated stones placed on the top, and the whole covered up with green branches, dry leaves, and earth.

During the time that the victuals were cooking, the table was laid. A straw mat was placed upon the ground, and covered with large leaves. For each guest there was a cocoa-nut shell, half-filled with miti, a sourish beverage extracted from the cocoa-palm.

In an hour and a half the victuals were dug up. The pig was neither very artistically cooked nor very enticing, but cut up as quick as lightning, being divided by the hand and knife into as many portions as there were guests, and each person had his share, together with half a bread-fruit, handed to him upon a large leaf. There was no one at our rustic table besides the officer, his mistress, the old Tati, his wife, and myself, as it is contrary to the custom of the country for the host to eat with his guests, or the children with their parents. With the exception of this ceremony, I did not observe any other proof of love or affection between the father and son. The old man, for instance, although ninety years of age, and suffering besides from a violent cough, was obliged to pass the night under nothing but a light roof, open to the weather, while his son slept in his well-closed huts.

On the 5th of May, we left Taipari with empty stomachs, as old Tati was desirous of entertaining us at one of his estates about two hours' journey distant.

On our arrival, and as soon as the stones were heated for our meal, several of the natives out of the neighbouring huts hastened to profit by the opportunity to cook their provisions as well, bringing with them fish, pieces of pork, bread-fruit, plantains, and so on. The fish and meat were enveloped in large leaves. For our use, besides bread-fruit and fish, there was a turtle weighing perhaps more than twenty pounds. The repast was held in a hut, to which the whole neighbourhood also came, and forming themselves into groups a little on one side of us principal guests, eat the provisions they had brought with them. Each person had a cocoa-nut shell full of miti before him; into this he first threw every morsel and took it out again with his hand, and then what remained of the miti was drunk at the end of the meal. We had each of us a fresh cocoa-nut with a hole bored in it, containing at least a pint of clear, sweet-tasting water. This is erroneously termed by us "Milk," but it only becomes thick and milky when the cocoa-nut is very stale, in which condition it is never eaten in these islands.

Tati, with his family, remained here, while we proceeded to Papara, an hour's walk. The road was delightful, leading mostly through thick groves of fruit-trees; but it would not suit a person with a tendency to hydrophobia, for we were obliged to wade through more than half a dozen streams and brooks.

At Papara, Monsieur --- possessed some landed property, with a little wooden four-roomed house, in which he was kind enough to give me a lodging.

We here heard of the death of one of Tati's sons, of which he numbered twenty-one. He had been dead three days, and his friends were awaiting Tati to pay the last honours to the deceased. I had intended to make an excursion to the Lake Vaihiria, but deferred doing so, in order to be present at the burial. On the following morning, 6th May, I paid a visit to the hut of the deceased. Monsieur --- gave me a new handkerchief to take with me as a present--a relic of the old superstition which the people of this island have introduced into Christianity. These presents are supposed to calm the soul of the deceased. The corpse was lying in a narrow coffin, upon a low bier, both of which were covered with a white pall. Before the bier were hung two straw mats, on which were spread the deceased's clothes, drinking vessels, knives, and so forth, while on the other, lay the presents, making quite a heap, of shirts, pareos, pieces of cloth, etc., all so new and good that they might have served to furnish a small shop.

Old Tati soon entered the hut, but quickly returned into the open air, stopping only a few instants, as the corpse was already most offensive. He sat down under a tree, and began talking very quietly

and unconcernedly with the neighbours, as if nothing had happened. The female relatives and neighbours remained in the hut; they, too, chatted and gossiped very contentedly, and moreover ate and smoked. I was obliged to have the wife, children, and relations of the deceased pointed out to me, for I was unable to recognise them by their demeanour. In a little time, the stepmother and wife rose, and throwing themselves on the coffin, howled for half an hour; but it was easy to see that their grief did not come from the heart. Their moaning was always pitched in the same monotonous key. Both then returned with smiling faces and dry eyes to their seats, and appeared to resume the conversation at the point at which they had broken it off. The deceased's canoe was burnt upon the shore.

I had seen enough, and returned to my quarters to make some preparations for my trip to the lake the next day. The distance is reckoned to be eighteen miles, so that the journey there and back may be performed in two days with ease, and yet a guide had the conscience to ask ten dollars (2 pounds) for his services. With the assistance of old Tati, however, I procured one for three dollars (12s.).

Pedestrian trips are very fatiguing in Tahiti, since it is so richly watered that the excursionist is constantly obliged to wade through plains of sand and rivers. I was very suitably clothed for the purpose, having got strong men's shoes, without any stockings, trousers, and a blouse, which I had fastened up as high as my hips. Thus equipped I began, on the 7th of May, my short journey, in company with my guide. In the first third of my road, which lay along the coast, I counted about thirty-two brooks which we were obliged to walk through. We then struck off, through ravines, into the interior of the island, first calling, however, at a hut to obtain some refreshment. The inmates were very friendly, and gave us some bread-fruit and fish, but very willingly accepted a small present in exchange.

In the interior, the fine fruit-trees disappear, and their place is supplied by plantains, tarros, and a kind of bush, growing to the height of twelve feet, and called Oputu (Maranta); the last, in fact, grew so luxuriantly, that we frequently experienced the greatest difficulty in making our way through. The tarro, which is planted, is from two to three feet high, and has fine large leaves and tubercles, similar to the potato, but which do not taste very good when roasted. The plantain, or banana, is a pretty little tree, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with leaves like those of the palm, and a stem which is often eight inches in diameter, but is not of wood, but cane, and very easily broken. It belongs properly to the herbiferous species, and grows with uncommon rapidity. It reaches its full growth the first year: in the second it bears fruit, and then dies. It is produced from shoots, which generally

spring up near the parent tree.

Through one mountain stream, which chafed along the ravine over a stony bed, and in some places was exceedingly rapid, and, in consequence of the rain that had lately fallen, was frequently more than three feet deep, we had to wade sixty-two times. My guide caught hold of me by the hand whenever we passed a dangerous spot, and dragged me, often half swimming, after him. The water constantly reached above my hips, and all idea of getting dry again was totally out of the question. The path also became at every step more fatiguing and dangerous. I had to clamber over rocks and stones covered to such an extent with the foliage of the oputu that I never knew with any degree of certainty where I was placing my foot. I received several severe wounds on my hands and feet, and frequently fell down on the ground, when I trusted for support to the treacherous stem of a banana, which would break beneath my grasp. It was really a breakneck sort of excursion, which is very rarely made even by the officers, and certainly never by ladies.

In two places the ravine became so narrow, that the bed of the stream occupied its whole extent. It was here that the islanders, during the war with the French, built stone walls five feet in height to protect them against the enemy, in case they should have attacked them from this side.

In eight hours' time we had completed the eighteen miles, and attained an elevation of 1,800 feet. The lake itself was not visible until we stood upon its shores, as it lies in a slight hollow; it is about 800 feet across. The surrounding scenery is the most remarkable. The lake is so closely hemmed in by a ring of lofty and precipitous green mountains, that there is no room even for a footing between the water and the rocks, and its bed might be taken for an extinguished volcano filled with water--a supposition which gains additional force from the masses of basalt which occupy the foreground. It is plentifully supplied with fish, one kind of which is said to be peculiar to the locality; it is supposed that the lake has a subterranean outlet, which as yet remains undiscovered.

To cross the lake, it is either necessary to swim over or trust oneself to a dangerous kind of boat, which is prepared by the natives in a few minutes. Being desirous of making the attempt, I intimated this by signs to my guide. In an instant he tore off some plantain-branches, fastened them together with long, tough grass, laid a few leaves upon them, launched them in the water, and then told me to take possession of this apology for a boat. I must own that I felt rather frightened, although I did not like to say so. I stepped on board, and my guide swam behind and pushed me forward. I made the passage to the opposite side and back without any accident,

but I was in truth rather alarmed the whole time. The boat was small, and floated under rather than upon the water--there was nothing I could support myself with, and every minute I expected to fall into the lake. I would not advise any one who cannot swim ever to follow my example.

After I had sufficiently admired the lake and the surrounding scenery, we retraced our way for some hundred yards, until we reached a little spot roofed over with leaves. Here my guide quickly made a good fire, after the Indian fashion. He took a small piece of wood, which he cut to a fine point, and then selecting a second piece, he made in it a narrow furrow not very deep. In this he rubbed the pointed stick until the little particles which were detached during the operation began to smoke. These he threw into a quantity of dry leaves and grass which he had got together for the purpose, and swung the whole several times round in the air, until it burst out into flames. The entire process did not take more than two minutes.

For our supper, he gathered a few plantains and laid them on the fire. I profited by the opportunity to dry my clothes, by sitting down near the fire, and turning first one side towards it, and then the other. Half wet through, and tolerably fatigued, I retired to my couch of dry leaves immediately after partaking of our scanty meal.

It is a fortunate circumstance that in these wild and remote districts neither men nor beasts afford the slightest grounds for apprehension; the former are very quiet and peaceably inclined, and, with the exception of a few wild boars, the latter are not dangerous. The island is especially favoured; it contains no poisonous or hurtful insects or reptiles. It is true there are a few scorpions, but so small and harmless, that they may be handled with impunity. The mosquitoes alone were the source of very considerable annoyance, as they are in all southern countries.

8th May. It began to rain very violently during the night, and in the morning I was sorry to see that there was not much hope of its clearing up; on the contrary, the clouds became blacker and blacker, and collecting from all sides, like so many evil spirits, poured down in torrents upon the innocent earth. Nevertheless, in spite of this, there was no other course open to us but to bid defiance to the angry water deity, and proceed upon our journey. In half an hour I was literally drenched; this being the case, I went on uncomplainingly, as it was impossible for me to become wetter than I was.

On my return to Papara, I found that Tati's son was not buried, but the ceremony took place the next day. The clergyman pronounced a

short discourse at the side of the grave; and, as the coffin was being lowered, the mats, straw hat, and clothes of the deceased, as well as a few of the presents, were thrown in with it. The relations were present, but as unconcerned as I was myself.

The graveyard was in the immediate vicinity of several murais. The latter are small four-cornered plots of ground surrounded by stone walls three or four feet high, where the natives used to deposit their dead, which were left exposed upon wooden frames until the flesh fell from the bones. These were then collected and buried in some lonely spot.

The same evening I witnessed a remarkable mode of catching fish. Two boys waded out into the sea, one with a stick, and the other with a quantity of burning chips. The one with the stick drove the fish between the rocks, and then hit them, the other lighting him in the meanwhile. They were not very fortunate, however. The more common and successful manner of fishing is with nets.

Almost every day Monsieur --- had visits from officers who were passing, accompanied by their mistresses. The reader may easily imagine that the laws of propriety were not, however, always strictly observed, and as I had no desire to disturb the gentlemen in their intellectual conversation and amusement, I retired with my book into the servants' room. They, too, would laugh and joke, but, at least, in such a manner that there was no occasion to blush for them.

It was highly amusing to hear Monsieur --- launch out in praise of the attachment and gratitude of his Indian beauty; he would have altered his tone had he seen her behaviour in his absence. On one occasion I could not help telling one of the gentlemen my opinion of the matter, and expressing my astonishment that they could treat these grasping and avaricious creatures with such attention and kindness, to load them with presents, anticipate their every wish, and forgive and put up with their most glaring faults. The answer I received was: that these ladies, if not so treated and loaded with presents, would quickly run off, and that, in fact, even by the kindest attentions they never allowed themselves to be influenced very long.

From all I saw, I must repeat my former assertion, that the Tahitian people are endowed with none of the more noble sentiments of humanity, but that their only pleasures are merely animal. Nature herself encourages them to this in an extraordinary manner. They have no need to gain their bread by the sweat of their brow; the island is most plentifully supplied with beautiful fruit, tubercles of all descriptions, and tame pigs, so that the people have really only to gather the fruit and kill the pigs. To this circumstance is

to be attributed the difficulty that exists of obtaining any one as servant or in any other capacity. The most wretched journeyman will not work for less than a dollar a-day; the price for washing a dozen handkerchiefs, or any other articles, is also a dollar (4s.), not including soap. A native, whom I desired to engage as guide, demanded a dollar and a half a day.

I returned from Papara to Papeiti in the company of an officer and his native beauty; we walked the thirty-six miles in a day. On our way, we passed the hut of the girl's mother, where we partook of a most splendid dish. It was composed of bread-fruit, mangoes, and bananas, kneaded together into a paste, and cooked upon hot stones. It was eaten, while warm, with a sauce of orange juice.

On taking leave, the officer gave the girl a present of a dollar to give her mother; the girl took it as indifferently as if it were not of the slightest value, and her mother did exactly the same, neither of them pronouncing one word of thanks, or manifesting the least sign of satisfaction.

We now and then came upon some portions of the road, the work of public offenders, that were most excellently constructed. Whenever an Indian is convicted of a crime, he is not chained in a gang, like convicts in Europe, but condemned to make or mend a certain extent of road, and the natives fulfil the tasks thus imposed with such punctuality, that no overseer is ever necessary. This kind of punishment was introduced under King Pomare, and originated with the natives themselves--the Europeans have merely continued the practice.

At Punavia we entered the fort, where we refreshed ourselves, in military fashion, with bread, wine, and bacon, and reached our journey's end at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Besides Papara, I visited also Venus Point, a small tongue of land where Cook observed the transit of Venus. The stone on which he placed his instruments still remains. On my way, I passed the grave, or murai, of King Pomare I. It consists of a small piece of ground, surrounded by a stone wall, and covered with a roof of palm-leaves. Some half-decayed pieces of cloth and portions of wearing apparel were still lying in it.

One of my most interesting excursions, however, was that to Fantaua and the Diadem. The former is a spot which the Indians considered impregnable; but where, nevertheless, they were well beaten by the French during the last war. Monsieur Bruat, the governor, was kind enough to lend me his horses, and to allow me the escort of a non-commissioned officer, who could point out to me each position of the Indians and French, as he had himself been in the engagement.

For more than two hours, we proceeded through horrible ravines, thick woods, and rapid mountain torrents. The ravines often became so narrow as to form so many defiles, with such precipitous and inaccessible sides, that here, as at Thermopylae, a handful of valiant warriors might defy whole armies. As a natural consequence, the entrance of Fantaua is regarded as the real key to the whole island. There was no other means of taking it than by scaling one of its most precipitous sides, and pressing forward upon the narrow ledge of rock above, so as to take the enemy in the rear. The governor, Monsieur Bruat, announced that he would confide this dangerous enterprise to volunteers, and he soon had more than he could employ. From those chosen, a second selection of only sixty-two men was made: these divested themselves of every article of clothing save their shoes and drawers, and took no other arms save their muskets.

After clambering up for twelve hours, and incurring great danger, they succeeded, by the aid of ropes, and by sticking pointed iron-rods and bayonets into the rock, in reaching the crest of the mountain, where their appearance so astonished the Indians, that they lost all courage, threw down their arms, and surrendered. They said that those who were capable of deeds like this, could not be men but spirits, against whom all hopes of resistance were out of the question altogether.

At present, there is a small fort built at Fantaua, and on one of its highest points stands a guard-house. The path leading to it is over a small ledge of rock, skirted on each side by a yawning abyss. Persons affected with giddiness can only reach it with great difficulty, if indeed they can do so at all. In this last case, they are great losers, for the prospect is magnificent in the extreme, extending over valleys, ravines, and mountains without number (among the latter may be mentioned the colossal rock called the "Diadem"), thick forests of palms and other trees; and beyond all these, the mighty ocean, broken into a thousand waves against the rocks and reefs, and in the distance mingling with the azure sky.

Near the fort, a waterfall precipitates itself perpendicularly down a narrow ravine. Unfortunately, the bottom of it is concealed by jutting rocks and promontories, and the volume of water is rather small; otherwise, this fall would, on account of its height, which is certainly more than 400 feet, deserve to be classed among the most celebrated ones with which I am acquainted.

The road from the fort to the Diadem is extremely fatiguing, and fully three hours are required to accomplish the journey. The prospect here is even more magnificent than from the fort, as the

eye beholds the sea over two sides of the island at the same time.

This excursion was my last in this beautiful isle, as I was obliged to embark on the next day, the 17th of May. The cargo was cleared, and the ballast taken on board. All articles to which the French troops are accustomed, such as flour, salted meat, potatoes, pulse, wine, and a variety of others, have to be imported. {86}

I felt extremely reluctant to leave; and the only thing that tended at all to cheer my spirits, was the thought of my speedy arrival in China, that most wonderful of all known countries.

We left the port of Papeiti on the morning of the 17th of May, with a most favourable wind, soon passed in safety all the dangerous coral-reefs which surround the island, and in seven hours' time had lost sight of it altogether. Towards evening, we beheld the mountain ranges of the island of Huaheme, which we passed during the night.

The commencement of our voyage was remarkably pleasant. Besides the favourable breeze, which still continued, we enjoyed the company of a fine Belgian brig, the Rubens, which had put to sea at the same time as ourselves. It was seldom that we approached near enough for the persons on board to converse with each other; but whoever is at all acquainted with the endless uniformity of long voyages, will easily understand our satisfaction at knowing we were even in the neighbourhood of human beings.

We pursued the same track as far as the Philippine Islands, but on the morning of the third day our companion had disappeared, leaving us in ignorance whether she had out-sailed us or we her. We were once more alone on the endless waste of waters.

On the 23rd of May, we approached very near to the low island of Penchyn. A dozen or two of the natives were desirous of honouring us with a visit, and pulled stoutly in six canoes towards our ship, but we sailed so fast that they were soon left a long way behind. Several of the sailors affirmed, that these were specimens of real savages, and that we might reckon ourselves fortunate in having escaped their visit. The captain, too, appeared to share this opinion, and I was the only person who regretted not having formed a more intimate acquaintance with them.

28th May. For some days we had been fortunate enough to be visited, from time to time, with violent showers; a most remarkable thing for the time of year in this climate, where the rainy season commences in January and lasts for three months, the sky for the remaining nine being generally cloudless. This present exception was the more welcome from our being just on the Line, where we should otherwise

have suffered much from the heat. The thermometer stood at only 81 degrees in the shade, and 97 degrees in the sun.

Today at noon we crossed the Line, and were once more in the northern hemisphere. A Tahitian sucking-pig was killed and consumed in honour of our successful passage, and our native hemisphere toasted in real hock.

On the 4th of June, under 8 degrees North latitude, we beheld again, for the first time, the lovely polar star.

On the 17th of June, we passed so near to Saypan, one of the largest of the Ladrone Islands, that we could make out the mountains very distinctly. The Ladrone and Marianne Islands are situated between the 13 and 21 degrees North latitude, and the 145 and 146 degrees East longitude.

On the 1st of July we again saw land: this time it was the coast of Lucovia, or Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, and lying between the 18 and 19 degrees North latitude, and the 125 and 119 degrees East longitude. The port of Manilla is situated on the southern coast of the island.

In the course of the day we passed the island of Babuan, and several detached rocks, rising, colossus like, from the sea. Four of them were pretty close together, and formed a picturesque group. Some time afterwards we saw two more.

In the night of the 1st-2nd of July, we reached the western point of Luzon, and entered on the dangerous Chinese Sea. I was heartily glad at last to bid adieu to the Pacific Ocean, for a voyage on it is one of the most monotonous things that can be imagined. The appearance of another ship is a rare occurrence; and the water is so calm that it resembles a stream. Very frequently I used to start up from my desk, thinking that I was in some diminutive room ashore; and my mistake was the more natural, as we had three horses, a dog, several pigs, hens, geese, and a canary bird on board, all respectively neighing, barking, grunting, cackling, and singing, as if they were in a farm-yard.

6th July. For the first few days after entering the Chinese sea, we sailed pretty well in the same fashion we had done in the Pacific--proceeding slowly and quietly on our way. Today we beheld the coast of China for the first time, and towards evening we were not more than thirty-three miles from Macao. I was rather impatient for the following morning. I longed to find my darling hope realized, of putting my foot upon Chinese ground. I pictured the mandarins with their high caps, and the ladies with their tiny feet, when in the middle of the night the wind shifted, and on the 7th of July we had

been carried back 115 miles. In addition to this, the glass fell so low, that we dreaded a Tai-foon, which is a very dangerous kind of storm, or rather hurricane, that is very frequent in the Chinese sea during the months of July, August, and September. It is generally first announced by a black cloud on the horizon, with one edge dark red, and the other half-white; and this is accompanied by the most awful torrents of rain, by thunder, lightning, and the violent winds, which arise simultaneously on all sides, and lash the waters up mountains high. We took every precaution in anticipation of our dangerous enemy, but for once they were not needed: either the hurricane did not break out at all, or else it broke out at a great distance from us; for we were only visited by a trifling storm of no long duration.

On the 8th of July we again reached the vicinity of Macao, and entered the Straits of Lema. Our course now lay between bays and reefs, diversified by groups of the most beautiful islands, offering a series of most magnificent and varied views.

On the 9th of July we anchored in Macao Roads. The town, which belongs to the Portuguese, and has a population of 20,000 inhabitants, is beautifully situated on the sea-side, and surrounded by pleasing hills and mountains. The most remarkable objects are the palace of the Portuguese governor, the Catholic monastery of Guia, the fortifications, and a few fine houses which lie scattered about the hills in picturesque disorder.

Besides a few European ships, there were anchored in the roads several large Chinese junks, while a great number of small boats, manned by Chinese, were rocking to and fro around us.

Chapter 3 of *Japanese Inner-Life Hints*
by Lafcadio Hearn
EBook #8882

Generally speaking, we construct for endurance, the Japanese for impermanency. Few things for common use are made in Japan with a view to durability. The straw sandals worn out and replaced at each stage of a journey, the robe consisting of a few simple widths loosely stitched together for wearing, and unstitched again for washing, the fresh chopsticks served to each new guest at a hotel, the light shoji frames serving at once for windows and walls, and repapered twice a year; the mattings renewed every autumn,--all these are but random examples of countless small things in daily life that illustrate the national contentment with impermanency.

What is the story of a common Japanese dwelling? Leaving my home in the morning, I observe, as I pass the corner of the next street crossing mine, some men setting up bamboo poles on a vacant lot there. Returning after five hours' absence, I find on the same lot the skeleton of a two-story house. Next forenoon I see that the walls are nearly finished already,--mud and wattles. By sundown the roof has been completely tiled. On the following morning I observe that the mattings have been put down, and the inside plastering has been finished. In five days the house is completed. This, of course, is a cheap building; a fine one would take much longer to put up and finish. But Japanese cities are for the most part composed of such common buildings. They are as cheap as they are simple.

I cannot now remember where I first met with the observation that the curve of the Chinese roof might preserve the memory of the nomad tent. The idea haunted me long after I had ungratefully forgotten the book in which I found it; and when I first saw, in Izumo, the singular structure of the old Shinto temples, with queer cross-projections at their gable-ends and upon their roof-ridges, the suggestion of the forgotten essayist about the possible origin of much less ancient forms returned to me with great force. But there is much in Japan besides primitive architectural traditions to indicate a nomadic ancestry for the race. Always and everywhere there is a total absence of what we would call solidity; and the characteristics of impermanence seem to mark almost everything in the exterior life of the people, except, indeed, the immemorial costume of the peasant and the shape of the implements of his toil. Not to dwell upon the fact that even during the comparatively brief period of her written history Japan has had more than sixty capitals, of which the greater number have completely disappeared, it may be broadly stated that every Japanese city is rebuilt within the time of a

generation. Some temples and a few colossal fortresses offer exceptions; but, as a general rule, the Japanese city changes its substance, if not its form, in the lifetime of a man. Fires, earth-quakes, and many other causes partly account for this; the chief reason, however, is that houses are not built to last. The common people have no ancestral homes. The dearest spot to all is, not the place of birth, but the place of burial; and there is little that is permanent save the resting-places of the dead and the sites of the ancient shrines.

The land itself is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outline, plains their level; volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked by lava-floods or landslides; lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of artists for centuries, is said to have been slightly changed since my advent to the country; and not a few other mountains have in the same short time taken totally new forms. Only the general lines of the land, the general aspects of its nature, the general character of the seasons, remain fixed. Even the very beauty of the landscapes is largely illusive,--a beauty of shifting colors and moving mists. Only he to whom those landscapes are familiar can know how their mountain vapors make mockery of real changes which have been, and ghostly predictions of other changes yet to be, in the history of the archipelago.

The gods, indeed, remain,--haunt their homes upon the hills, diffuse a soft religious awe through the twilight of their groves, perhaps because they are without form and substance. Their shrines seldom pass utterly into oblivion, like the dwellings of men. But every Shinto temple is necessarily rebuilt at more or less brief intervals; and the holiest,--the shrine of Ise,--in obedience to immemorial custom, must be demolished every twenty years, and its timbers cut into thousands of tiny charms, which are distributed to pilgrims.

From Aryan India, through China, came Buddhism, with its vast doctrine of impermanency. The builders of the first Buddhist temples in Japan--architects of another race--built well: witness the Chinese structures at Kamakura that have survived so many centuries, while of the great city which once surrounded them not a trace remains. But the psychical influence of Buddhism could in no land impel minds to the love of material stability. The teaching that the universe is an illusion; that life is but one momentary halt upon an infinite journey; that all attachment to persons, to places, or to things must be fraught with sorrow; that only through suppression of every desire--even the desire of Nirvana itself--can humanity reach the eternal peace, certainly

harmonized with the older racial feeling. Though the people never much occupied themselves with the profounder philosophy of the foreign faith, its doctrine of impermanency must, in course of time, have profoundly influenced national character. It explained and consoled; it imparted new capacity to bear all things bravely; it strengthened that patience which is a trait of the race. Even in Japanese art--developed, if not actually created, under Buddhist influence--the doctrine of impermanency has left its traces. Buddhism taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth. And they learned well. In the flushed splendor of the blossom-bursts of spring, in the coming and the going of the cicada, in the dying crimson of autumn foliage, in the ghostly beauty of snow, in the delusive motion of wave or cloud, they saw old parables of perpetual meaning. Even their calamities--fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence--interpreted to them unceasingly the doctrine of the eternal Vanishing.

All things which exist in Time must perish. The forests, the mountains,--all things thus exist. In Time are born all things having desire.

The Sun and Moon, Sakra himself with all the multitude of his attendants, will all, without exception, perish; there is not one that will endure.

In the beginning things were fixed; in the end again they separate: different combinations cause other substance; for in nature there is no uniform and constant principle.

All component things must grow old; impermanent are all component things. Even unto a grain of sesamum seed there is no such thing as a compound which is permanent. All are transient; all have the inherent quality of dissolution.

All component things, without exception, are impermanent, unstable, despicable, sure to depart, disintegrating; all are temporary as a mirage, as a phantom, or as foam.... Even as all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so end the lives of men.

And a belief in matter itself is unmentionable and inexpressible,--it is neither a thing nor no-thing; and this is known even by children and ignorant persons.

FRAGONARD, JEAN-HONORÉ (1732-1806), French painter, was born at Grasse, the son of a glover. He was articled to a Paris notary when his father's circumstances became straitened through unsuccessful speculations, but he showed such talent and inclination for art that he was taken at the age of eighteen to Boucher, who, recognizing the youth's rare gifts but disinclined to waste his time with one so inexperienced, sent him to Chardin's atelier. Fragonard studied for six months under the great luminist, and then returned more fully equipped to Boucher, whose style he soon acquired so completely that the master entrusted him with the execution of replicas of his paintings. Though not a pupil of the Academy, Fragonard gained the Prix de Rome in 1752 with a painting of "Jeroboam sacrificing to the Idols," but before proceeding to Rome he continued to study for three years under Van Loo. In the year preceding his departure he painted the "Christ washing the Feet of the Apostles" now at Grasse cathedral. In 1755 he took up his abode at the French Academy in Rome, then presided over by Natoire. There he benefited from the study of the old masters whom he was set to copy – always remembering Boucher's parting advice not to take Raphael and Michelangelo too seriously. He successively passed through the studios of masters as widely different in their aims and technique as Chardin, Boucher, Van Loo and Natoire, and a summer sojourn at the Villa d'Este in the company of the abbé de Saint-Non, who engraved many of Fragonard's studies of these entrancing gardens, did more towards forming his personal style than all the training at the various schools. It was in these romantic gardens, with their fountains, grottos, temples and terraces, that he conceived the dreams which he was subsequently to embody in his art. Added to this influence was the deep impression made upon his mind by the florid sumptuousness of Tiepolo, whose works he had an opportunity of studying in Venice before he returned to Paris in 1761. In 1765 his "Corésus et Callirhoé" secured his admission to the Academy. It was made the subject of a pompous eulogy by Diderot, and was bought by the king, who had it reproduced at the Gobelins factory. Hitherto Fragonard had hesitated between religious, classic and other subjects; but now the demand of the wealthy art patrons of Louis XV.'s pleasure-loving and licentious court turned him definitely towards those scenes of love and voluptuousness with which his name will ever be associated, and which are only made acceptable by the tender beauty of his colour and the virtuosity of his facile brushwork – such works as the "Serment d'amour" (Love Vow), "Le Verrou" (The Bolt), "La Culbute" (The Tumble), "La Chemise enlevée" (The Shift Withdrawn), and "The Swing" (Wallace collection), and his decorations for the apartments of Mme du Barry and the dancer Marie Guimard.

The Revolution made an end to the ancien régime, and Fragonard, who was so closely allied to its representatives, left Paris in 1793 and found shelter in the house of his friend Maubert at Grasse, which he decorated with the series of decorative panels known as the "Roman d'amour de la jeunesse," originally painted for Mme du Barry's pavilion at Louvre-ciennes. The panels in recent years came into the possession of Mr Pierpont Morgan. Fragonard returned to Paris early in the 19th century, where he died in 1806, neglected and almost forgotten. For half a century or more he was so completely ignored that Lübke, in his history of art (1873), omits the very mention of his name. But within the last thirty years he has regained the position among the masters of painting to which he is entitled by his genius. If the appreciation of his art by the modern collector can be expressed in figures, it is significant that the small and sketchy "Billet Doux," which appeared at the Cronier sale in Paris in 1905 and was subsequently exhibited by Messrs Duveen in London (1906), realized close on £19,000 at the Hôtel Drouot.

Besides the works already mentioned, there are four important pictures by Fragonard in the Wallace collection: "The Fountain of Love," "The Schoolmistress," "A Lady carving her Name on a Tree" (usually known as "Le Chiffre d'amour") and "The Fair-haired Child." The Louvre contains thirteen

examples of his art, among them the "Corésus," "The Sleeping Bacchante," "The Shift Withdrawn," "The Bathers," "The Shepherd's Hour" ("L'Heure du berger"), and "Inspiration." Other works are in the museums of Lille, Besançon, Rouen, Tours, Nantes, Avignon, Amiens, Grenoble, Nancy, Orleans, Marseilles, &c., as well as at Chantilly. Some of Fragonard's finest work is in the private collections of the Rothschild family in London and Paris.

See R. Portalis, *Fragonard* (Paris, 1899), fully illustrated; Felix Naquet, *Fragonard* (Paris, 1890); Virgile Josz, *Fragonard – mœurs du XVIIIe siècle* (Paris, 1901); E. and J. de Goncourt, *L'Art du dix-huitième siècle – Fragonard* (Paris, 1883).

from: the 1911 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica

THE BLAME OF PORTRAITS

from *Hortus Vitae*, by Violet Paget, AKA Vernon Lee

EBook #26800

Feeling a little bit ashamed of myself, yet relieved at having done with that particular hypocrisy, I unpinned the two facsimiles of drawings from off my study screen and put them in a portfolio. A slight sense of profanation ensued; not so much of infidelity towards those two dear friends, nor certainly of irreverence towards Mr. Watts or the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, but referable to the insistence with which I had clamoured for those portraits, the delight experienced at their arrival, and the solid satisfaction anticipated from their eternal possession.

We have most of us--of the sentimental ones at least--gone through some similar small drama, and been a little harrowed by it. But though we feel as if there were some sort of naughtiness in us, we are quite blameless, and on the whole rather to be pitied. We are the dupes of a very human craving, and one which seems modest in its demands. What! a mere square of painted canvas, a few pencil scratchings, a bare mechanical photograph, something no rarer than a reflection in a mirror! That is all we ask for, to still the welling-up wistfulness, the clinging reluctance, to console for parting or the thought, almost, of death! We do not guess that this humble desire for a likeness is one of our most signal cravings after the impossible: an attempt to overcome space and baffle time; to imprison and use at pleasure the most fleeting, intangible, and uncommunicable of all mysterious essences, a human personality.

"Often enough I think I have got the turn of her head and neck; but not the face--never the face that speaks," complains the poor bereaved husband in Mary Robinson's beautiful little poem. The case may not be tragic like that one, and yet thoroughly tantalizing; we feel the absent ones opposite to us in the room, we are in that distant room ourselves; there is a sense of their position, of the space they occupy, and thus we see, as through a ghost, the familiar outline, perhaps, of a chair. Or, again, there is the well-known movement, accompanied, perhaps, by the tone of voice, concentrated almost to the longed-for look, and, as the figure advances ... nothing! Like Virgil's Orpheus, our fancy embraces a shadow. "The face--never the face that speaks!" But we _will_ have it, people exclaimed, all those ages ago, and exclaim ever since. And thus they came by the notion of portraits.

And when they got them they grumbled. The cavilling at every newly-painted likeness is notorious. The sitter, indeed, is sometimes easy enough to please, poor human creatures enjoying, as a rule, any notice (however professional) of their existence, let alone an answer to the attractive riddle of _what they look like_. And there are, of course, certain superfine persons who, in the case of a famous artist,

think very like the sitter, and are satisfied so long as they get an ornamental picture, or one well up to date. But the truly human grumble, and are more than justified in doing so. Their cravings have been disappointed; they had expected the impossible, and have not got it.

Since, in the very nature of things, a picture, and particularly a fine picture, is always an imperfect likeness. For the image of the sitter on the artist's retina is passed on its way to the canvas through a mind chock full of other images; and is transferred--heaven knows how changed already--by processes of line and curve, of blots of colour, and juxtaposition of light and shade, belonging not merely to the artist himself, but to the artist's whole school. Regarding merely the latter question, we all know that the old Venetians painted people ample, romantic, magnificent; and the old Tuscans painted them narrow, lucid, and commonplace; men of velvet and silk and armour on the one hand, and men of broadcloth and leather, on the other. The difference due to the individual artist is even greater; and, in truth, a portrait gives the sitter's temperament merged in the temperament of the painter.

So, as a rule, portraiture does but defeat its own end. And, stoically speaking, does it much matter? Posterity has done just as well without the transmission of the real Cardinal Hippolytus; and we know that everything always comes right if only we look at it, Spinoza-like, "under the category of the eternal." But we, meanwhile, are not eternal, nor, alas! are our friends; and that is just one of the things which gall us. We cannot believe--how could we?--that the future can have its own witty men and gracious women, its own sufficient objects of love and reverence, even as we have. We feel we must hand on our own great and beloved ones; we must preserve the evanescent personal fragrance, press the flower. And hence, again, portraits and memoirs, Boswell's "Johnson," or Renan's "Ma Soeur Henriette"; grotesque or lovely things, as the case may be, and always pathetic, which tell us that men have always admired and always loved; leaving us to explain, by substituting the image of our own idols, why in that case more specially they did so. Poor people! We do so cling to our particular self and self's preferences; we are so confidently material and literal! And one dreads to think of the cruel self-defence of posterity, when we shall try to push into its notice with phonograph and cinematograph.

Let us, in the presence of such hideous machinery, cease to be literal in matters of sentiment, even at the price of a little sadness and cynicism in recognizing the unreality of everything save our own moods and fancies. Perhaps I feel more strongly on this subject because I happen to have seen with my own eyes the reductio ad absurdum--to absurdity how lamentable and dreadful!--of this same human craving for literal preservation of that which should not, cannot, be preserved. It was in the lumber-room of an Italian palace; a life-size doll, with wig of real--perhaps personally real--hair, and dressed from head to foot in

the garments of the real poor lady, dead some seventy years ago. I wrote a little tale about it; but the main facts were true, and far surpassed the power of invention. In this case the husband, who had ordered this simulacrum for his solace, taking his daily dose of sentiment in its presence, proceeded, after an interval, to woo and marry his own laundress; and I think, on the whole, this was the least harrowing possible solution. Fancy if he had not found that form of consolation, but had continued trying to be faithful to that dreadful material presence, more rigid, lifeless, meaningless, with every day and every year of familiarity!

In a small way, we all of us commit that man's mistake of thinking that the life of our dear ones is in an image, instead of in the heartbeats which the image--like a name, a place, any associated thing--can produce in ourselves. And only changing things can answer to our changing self; only living creatures live with us. Once learned by heart, the portrait, be it never so speaking, ceases to speak, or we to listen to its selfsame message. What was once company to us, because it awakened a flickering feeling of wished-for presence, becomes, after a time, mere canvas or paper; disintegrates into mere colours or mere black and white. Even the faithfulest among us are utterly faithless to the best-beloved portraits. We have them on our walls or on our writing-tables, and pack and unpack some of them for every journey. But do we look at them? or, looking, do we see them, feel them?

They are not, however, useless; very far from it. You might as well complain of the uselessness of the fire which is burned out, or the extinguished lamp. They have, though for a brief time, pleased, perhaps even consoled, us--warmed our heart with the sense of a loving nearness, shed a light on the visions in our mind. Hence we should cherish them as useful delusions, or rather realities, so long as they awaken a reality of feeling. And 'tis a decent instinct of gratitude, not mere inertness, which causes us to keep them, honoured pensioners of our affections, in honourable places.

Only one thing we should guard against, and act firmly about, despite all sentimental scruples. During the _period of activity_ of a portrait--I mean while we still, more or less, look at it--we must beware lest it take, in our memory, the place of the original. Those unchanging features have the insistence of their definiteness and permanence, and may insidiously extrude, exclude, the fleeting, vacillating outlines of the remembered reality. And those alone concern our heart, and have a right to occupy our fancy. One feels aghast sometimes, on meeting some dear friend after an interval of absence, to find that those real features, that real expression, are not the familiar ones. It is the portrait, the envious counterfeit presentment, which (knowing its poor brief reign) has played us and our friend that mean trick. When this happens we must be merciless, like the fairy-story prince when the wicked creatures in the wood spoke to him in the voice

of his mother; piety towards the original arms us with ruthlessness towards the portrait. It was for this same reason that, as I have said, I unpinned from my screen those two facsimiles of drawings, feeling rather a brute while I was doing so.

CHIANTI AND MACARONI

A Chapter for Travellers by Road or Rail

from: *Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor Car*, by Francis Miltoun

Project Gutenber e-book #44212

The hotels of Italy are dear or not, according to whether one patronizes a certain class of establishment. At Trouville, at Aix-les-Bains in France, at Cernobbio in the Italian Lake region, or on the Quai Parthenope at Naples, there is little difference in price or quality, and the cuisine is always French.

The automobilist who demands garage accommodation as well will not always find it in the big city hotel in Italy. He may patronize the F. I. A. T. Garages in Rome, Naples, Genoa, Milan, Florence, Venice, Turin and Padua and find the best of accommodation and fair prices. For a demonstration of this he may compare what he gets and what he pays for it at Pisa--where a F. I. A. T. garage is wanting--and note the difference.

The real Italian hotel, outside the great centres, has less of a clientèle of snobs and malades imaginaires than one finds in France--in the Pyrenees or on the Riviera, or in Switzerland among the Alps, and accordingly there is always accommodation to be found that is in a class between the resplendent gold-lace and silver-gilt establishments of the resorts and working-men's lodging houses. True there is the same class of establishment existing in the smaller cities in France, but the small towns of France are not yet as much "travelled" by strangers as are those of Italy, and hence the difference to be remarked.

The real Italian hotels, not the tourist establishments, will cater for one at about one half the price demanded by even the second order of tourist hotels, and the Italian landlord shows no disrespect towards a client who would know his price beforehand--and he will usually make it favourable at the first demand, for fear you will "shop around" and finally go elsewhere.

[Illustration: A Wayside Trattoria]

The automobile here, as everywhere, tends to elevate prices, but much depends on the individual attitude of the traveller. A convincing air of independence and knowledge on the part of the automobilist, as he arrives, will speedily put him en rapport with the Italian landlord. Look as wise as possible and always ask the price beforehand--even while your motor is still chugging away. That never fails to bring things to a just and proper relation.

It is at Florence, and in the environs of Naples, of all the great

tourist centres, that one finds the best fare at the most favourable prices, but certainly at Rome and Venice, in the great hotels, it is far less attractive and a great deal dearer, delightful though it may be to sojourn in a palace of other days.

The Italian wayside inns, or *_trattoria_*, are not all bad; neither are they all good. The average is better than it has usually been given the credit of being, and the automobile is doing much here, as in France, towards a general improvement. A dozen automobiles, with a score or more of people aboard, may come and go in a day to a little inn in some picturesque framing on a main road, say that between Siena and Rome via Orvieto, or to Finale Marina or Varazze in Liguria, to one carriage and pair with two persons and a driver. Accordingly, this means increased prosperity for the inn-holder, and he would be a dull wit indeed if he didn't see it. He does see it in France, with a very clear vision; in Italy, with a point of view very little dimmed; in Switzerland, when the governmental authorities will let him; and in England, when the country boniface comes anywhere near to being the intelligent person that his continental compeer finds himself. This is truth, plain, unvarnished truth, just as the writer has found it. Others may have their own ideas about the subject, but this is the record of one man's experiences, and presumably of some others.

The chief disadvantages of the hotel of the small Italian town are its often crowded and incomplete accessories, and its proximity to a stable of braying donkeys, bellowing cows, or an industrious blacksmith who begins before sun-up to pound out the same metallic ring that his confrères do all over the world. There is nothing especially Italian about a blacksmith's shop in Italy. All blacksmith interiors are the same whether painted by "Old Crome," Eastman Johnson or Jean François Millet.

The idiosyncrasies of the inns of the small Italian towns do not necessarily preclude their offering good wholesome fare to the traveller, and this in spite of the fact that not every one likes his salad with garlic in liberal doses or his macaroni smothered in oil. Each, however, is better than steak smothered in onions or potatoes fried in lard; any "hygienist" will tell you that.

The trouble with most foreigners in Italy, when they begin to talk about the rancid oil and other strange tasting native products, is that they have not previously known the real thing. Olive oil, real olive oil, tastes like--well, like olive oil. The other kinds, those we are mostly used to elsewhere, taste like cotton seed or peanut oil, which is probably what they are. One need not blame the Italian for this, though when he himself eats of it, or gives it you to eat, it is the genuine article. You may eat it or not, according as you may like it or not, but the Italian isn't trying to poison you or work off anything on your stomach half so bad as the rancid bacon one sometimes gets in Germany or

the kippers of two seasons ago that appear all over England in the small towns.

As before intimated, the chief trouble with the small hotels in Italy is their deficiencies, but the Touring Club Italiano in Italy, like the Touring Club de France in France, is doing heroic work in educating the country inn-keeper. Why should not some similar institution do the same thing in England and America? How many American country hotels, in towns of three or five thousand people, in say Georgia or Missouri, would get up, for the chance traveller who dropped in on them unexpectedly, a satisfactory meal? Not many, the writer fancies.

There is, all over Europe, a desire on the part of the small or large hotel keeper to furnish meals out of hours, and often at no increase in price. The automobilist appreciates this, and has come to learn in Italy that the old Italian proverb "*_chi tardi arriva mal alloggia_*" is entirely a myth of the guide books of a couple of generations ago. A cold bird, a dish of macaroni, a salad and a flask of wine will try no inn-keeper's capabilities, even with no notice beforehand. The Italian would seemingly prefer to serve meals in this fashion than at the *_tavola rotonda_*, which is the Italian's way of referring to a *_table d'hôte_*. If you have doubts as to your Italian Boniface treating you right as to price (after you have eaten of his fare) arrange things beforehand a *_prezzo fisso_* and you will be safe.

As for wine, the cheapest is often as good as the best in the small towns, and is commonly included in the *_prezzo fisso_*, or should be. It's for you to see that you get it on that basis of reckoning.

The *_padrona_* of an Italian country inn is very democratic; he believes in equality and fraternity, and whether you come in a sixty-horse Mercédès or on donkey-back he sits you down in a room with a mixed crew of his countrymen and pays no more attention to you than if you were one of them. That is, he doesn't exploit you as does the Swiss, he doesn't overcharge you, and he doesn't try to tempt your palate with poor imitation of the bacon and eggs of old England, or the tenderloins of America. He gives you simply the fare of the country and lets it go at that.

Of Italian inns, it may be truly said the day has passed when the traveller wished he was a horse in order that he might eat their food; oats being good everywhere.

The fare of the great Italian cities, at least that of the hotels frequented by tourists, has very little that is *_national_* about it. To find these one has to go elsewhere, to the small Italian hotels in the large towns, along with the priests and the soldiers, or keep to the byways.

The _polenta_, or corn-meal bread, and the _companatico_, sardines, anchovies or herrings which are worked over into a paste and spread on it butter-wise, is everywhere found, and it is good. No _osteria_ or _trattoria_ by the roadside, but will give you this on short order if you do not seek anything more substantial. The _minestra_, or cabbage soup--it may not be cabbage at all, but it looks it--a sort of "_omnium gatherum_" soup--is warming and filling. _Polenta_, _companatico_, _minestra_ and a salad, with _fromaggio_ to wind up with, and red wine to drink, ought not to cost more than a lira, or a lira and a half at the most wherever found. You won't want to continue the same fare for dinner the same day, perhaps, but it works well for luncheon.

Pay no charges for attendance. No one does anyway, but tourists of convention. Let the _buono mano_ to the waiter who serves you be the sole largess that you distribute, save to the man-of-all-work who brings you water for the thirsty maw of your automobile, or to the amiable, sunshiny individual who lugs your baggage up and down to and from your room. This is quite enough, heaven knows, according to our democratic ideas. At any rate, pay only those who serve you, in Italy, as elsewhere, and don't merely tip to impress the waiter with your importance. He won't see it that way.

The Italian _albergo_, or hotel of the small town, is apt to be poorly and meanly furnished, even in what may be called "public rooms," though, indeed, there are frequently no public rooms in many more or less pretentious Italian inns. If there ever is a salon or reception room it is furnished scantily with a rough, uncomfortable sofa covered with a gunny sack, a small square of fibre carpeting (if indeed it has any covering whatever to its chilly tile or stone floor), and a few rush covered chairs. Usually there is no chimney, but there is always a stuffy lambrequined curtain at each window, almost obliterating any rays of light which may filter feebly through. In general the average reception room of any Italian albergo (except those great joint-stock affairs of the large cities which adopt the word hotel) is an uncomfortable and unwholesome apartment. One regrets to say this but it is so.

Beds in Italian hotels are often "queer," but they are surprisingly and comfortably clean, considering their antiquity. Every one who has observed the Italian in his home, in Italy or in some stranger land, even in a crowded New York tenement, knows that the Italian sets great store by his sleeping arrangements and their proper care. It is an ever-to-be-praised and emulated fact that the common people of continental Europe are more frequently "luxurious" with regard to their beds and bed linen than is commonly supposed. They may eat off of an oilcloth (which by some vague conjecture they call "American cloth") covered table, may dip their fingers deep in the _polenta_ and throw bones on the tile or brick floor to the dogs and cats edging about their feet, but the _draps_ of their beds are real, rough old linen, not the

ninety-nine-cent-store kind of the complete house-furnishing establishments.

The tiled floor of the average Italian house, and of the kitchens and dining room of many an Italian inn, is the ever at hand receptacle of much refuse food that elsewhere is relegated to the garbage barrel. Between meals, and bright and early in the morning, everything is flushed out with as generous a supply of water as is used by the Dutch _housvrouw_ in washing down the front steps. Result: the microbes don't rest behind, as they do on our own carpeted dining rooms, a despicable custom which is "growing" with the hotel keepers of England and America. Another idol shattered!

What you don't find in the small Italian hotels are baths, nor in many large ones either. When you do find a _baignoir_ in Europe (except those of the very latest fashion) it is a poor, shallow affair with a plug that pulls up to let the water out, but with no means of getting it in except to pour it in from buckets. This is a fault, sure enough, and it's not the American's idea of a bath tub at all, though it seems to suit well enough the Englishman en tour.

France is, undoubtedly, the land of good cooks _par excellence_, but the Italian of all ranks is more of a gourmet than he is usually accounted. There may be some of his tribe that live on bread and cheese, but if he isn't outrageously poor he usually eats well, devotes much time to the preparing and cooking of his meals, and considerably more to the eating of them. The Italian's cooking utensils are many and varied and above all picturesque, and his table ware invariably well conditioned and cleanly. Let this opinion (one man's only, again let it be remembered) be recorded as a protest against the universally condemned _dirty_ Italian, who _supposedly_ eats cats and dogs, as the Chinaman _supposedly_ eats rats and mice. We are not above reproach ourselves; we eat mushrooms, frog legs and some other things besides which are certainly not cleanly or healthful.

More than one Italian inn owes its present day prosperity to the travel by road which frequently stops before its doors. Twenty-five years ago, indeed much less, the _vetturino_ deposited his load of sentimental travellers, accompanied perhaps by a courier, at many a miserable wayside _osteria_ which fell far short of what it should be. To-day this has all changed for the better.

Tourists of all nationalities and all ranks make Italy their playground to-day, as indeed they have for generations. There is no diminution in their numbers. English minor dignitaries of the church jostle Pa and Ma and the girls from the Far West, and Germans, fiercely and wondrously clad, peer around corners and across lagoons with field glasses of a size and power suited to a Polar Expedition. Everybody is "doing" everything, as though their very lives depended upon their absorbing as

much as possible of local colour, and that as speedily as possible. It will all be down in the bill, and they mean to have what they are paying for. This is one phase of Italian travel that is unlovely, but it is the phase that one sees in the great tourist hotels and in the chief tourist cities, not elsewhere.

To best know Italian fare as also Italian manners and customs, one must avoid the restaurants and trattoria asterisked by Baedeker and search others out for himself; they will most likely be as good, much cheaper, more characteristic of the country and one will not be eternally pestered to eat beefsteak, ham and saurkraut, or to drink *_paleale_* or whiskey. Instead, he will get macaroni in all shapes and sizes, and tomato sauce and cheese over everything, to say nothing of rice, artichokes and onions now and again, and oil, of the olive brand, in nearly every *_plat_*. If you don't like these things, of course, there is no need going where they are. Stick to the beefsteak and *_paleale_* then! Romantic, sentimental Italy is disappearing, the Italians are becoming practical and matter of fact; it is only those with memories of Browning, Byron, Shelley, Leopold Robert and Boecklin that would have Italy sentimental anyway.

Maximilien Mission, a Protestant refugee from France in 1688, had something to say of the inns at Venice, which is interesting reading to-day. He says:--"There are some good inns at Venice; the 'Louvre,' the 'White Lyon,' the 'Arms of France;' the first entertains you for eight livres (lire) per day, the other two somewhat cheaper, but you must always remember to bargain for everything that you have. A gondola costs something less than a livre (lire) an hour, or for a superior looking craft seven or eight livres a day."

This is about the price of the Venetian water craft when hired to-day, two centuries and more after. The hotel prices too are about what one pays to-day in the smaller inns of the cities and in those of the towns. All over Italy, even on the shores of the Bay of Naples, crowded as they are with tourists of all nationalities and all ranks, one finds isolated little Italian inns, backed up against a hillside or crowning some rocky promontory, where one may live in peace and plenitude for six or seven francs a day. And one is not condemned to eating only the national macaroni either. Frankly, the Neapolitan restaurateur often scruples as much to put macaroni before his stranger guests as does the Bavarian inn-keeper to offer sausage at each repast. Some of us regret that this is so, but since macaroni in some form or other can always be had in Italy, and sausages in Germany, for the asking, no great inconvenience is caused.

Macaroni is the national dish of Italy, and very good it is too, though by no means does one have to live off it as many suppose. Notwithstanding, macaroni goes with Italy, as do crackers with cheese. There are more shapes and sizes of macaroni than there are beggars in

Naples.

The long, hollow pipe stem, known as Neapolitan, and the vermicelli, which isn't hollow, but is as long as a shoe string, are the leading varieties. Tiny grains, stars, letters of the alphabet and extraordinary animals that never came out of any ark are also fashioned out of the same _pasta_, or again you get it in sheets as big as a good sized handkerchief, or in piping of a diameter of an inch, or more.

The Romans kneaded their flour by means of a stone cylinder called a _maccaro_. The name macaroni is supposed to have been derived from this origin.

Naples is the centre of the macaroni industry, but it is made all over the world. That made in Brooklyn would be as good as that made in Naples if it was made of Russian wheat instead of that from Dakota. As it is now made it is decidedly inferior to the Italian variety. By contrast, that made in Tunis is as good as the Naples variety. Russian wheat again!

A macaroni factory looks, from the outside, like a place devoted to making rope. Inside it feels like an inferno. It doesn't pay to get too well acquainted with the process of making macaroni.

The flour paste is run out of little tubes, or rolled out by big rollers, or cut out by little dies, thus taking its desired forms. The long, stringy macaroni is taken outside and hung up to dry like clothes on a line, except that it is hung on poles. The workmen are lightly and innocently clad, and the workshops themselves are kept at as high a temperature as the stoke-room of a liner. Whether this is really necessary or not, the writer does not know, but he feels sure that some genius will, some day, evolve a process which will do away with hand labour in the making of macaroni. It will be mixed by machinery, baked by electricity and loaded up on cars and steamships by the same power.

The street macaroni merchants of Naples sell the long ropy kind to all comers, and at a very small price one can get a "filling" meal. You get it served on a dish, but without knives, forks or chop sticks. You eat it with your fingers and your mouth.

The meat is tough in Italy, often enough. There is no doubt about that. But it is usually a great deal better than it is given credit for being. The day is past, if it ever existed, when the Anglo-Saxon traveller was forced to quit Italy "because he could not live without good meat." This was the classic complaint of the innocents abroad of other days, whether they hailed from Kensington or Kalamazoo. They should never have left those superlatively excellent places. The food and Mazzini were the sole topics of travel talk once, but to-day it is more a question of whether one can get his railway connection at some hitherto unheard of

little junction, or whether the road via this river valley or that mountain pass is as good as the main road. These are the things that really matter to the traveller, not whether he has got to sleep in a four poster in a bedroom with a tile or marble floor, or eat macaroni and ravioli when he might have--if he were at home--his beloved "ham" and blood-red beefsteaks.

The Italian waiter is usually a sunny, confiding person, something after the style of the negro, and, like his dark-skinned brother, often incompetent beyond a certain point. You like him for what he is though, almost as good a thing in his line as the French garçon, in that he is obliging and a great deal better than the mutton-chopped, bewhiskered nonentity who shuffles about behind your chair in England with his expectant palm forever outstretched.

The Italian *_cameriere_*, or waiter, takes a pride in his profession--as far as he knows it, and quite loses sight of its commercial possibilities in the technicalities of his craft, and his seeming desire only to please. *_Subito momento_* is his ever ready phrase, though often it seems as though he might have replied *_never_*.

Seated in some roadside or seashore *_trattoria_* one pounds on the bare table for the *_cameriere_*, orders another "Torino," pays his reckoning and is off again. Nothing extraordinarily amusing has happened the while, but the mere lolling about on a terrace of a café overlooking the lapping Mediterranean waves at one's feet is one of the things that one comes to Italy for, and one is content for the nonce never to recur to palazzos, villas, cathedrals, or picture galleries. There have been too many travellers in past times--and they exist to-day--who do not seek to fill the gaps between a round of churches and art galleries, save to rush back to some palace hotel and eat the same kind of a dinner that they would in London, Paris or New York--a little worse cooked and served to be sure. It's the country and its people that impress one most in a land not his own. Why do so many omit these "attractions?"

The *_buona mano_* is everywhere in evidence in Italy, but the Italian himself seems to understand how to handle the question better than strangers. The Italian guest at a hotel is fairly lavish with the quantity of his tips, but each is minute, and for a small service he pays a small fee. We who like to impress the waiter--for we all do, though we fancy we don't--will often pay as much to a waiter for bringing us a drink as the price of the drink. Not so the Italian; and that's the difference.

Ten per cent, on the bill at a hotel is always a lavish fee, and five would be ample, though now and again the head waiter may look askance at his share. Follow the Italian's own system then, give everybody who serves you something, however little, and give to those only, and then their little jealousies between each other will take the odium off

you--if you really care what a waiter thinks about you anyway, which of course you shouldn't.

These little disbursements are everywhere present in Italy. One pays a franc to enter a museum, a picture gallery or a great library, and one tips his cabman as he does elsewhere, and a dozen francs spent in riding about on Venetian gondolas for a day incurs the implied liability for another two francs as well.

MR. BLOKE'S ITEM--[Written about 1865.]

by Mark Twain

from: *Sketches New and Old, Part 4.*

EBook #5839

Our esteemed friend, Mr. John William Bloke, of Virginia City, walked into the office where we are sub-editor at a late hour last night, with an expression of profound and heartfelt suffering upon his countenance, and, sighing heavily, laid the following item reverently upon the desk, and walked slowly out again. He paused a moment at the door, and seemed struggling to command his feelings sufficiently to enable him to speak, and then, nodding his head toward his manuscript, ejaculated in a broken voice, "Friend of mine--oh! how sad!" and burst into tears. We were so moved at his distress that we did not think to call him back and endeavor to comfort him until he was gone, and it was too late. The paper had already gone to press, but knowing that our friend would consider the publication of this item important, and cherishing the hope that to print it would afford a melancholy satisfaction to his sorrowing heart, we stopped, the press at once and inserted it in our columns:

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.--Last evening, about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down-town, as has been his usual custom for many years with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago; aged eighty-six, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every single thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our heart, and say with earnestness and sincerity that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.--'First Edition of the Californian.'

The head editor has been in here raising the mischief, and tearing his hair and kicking the furniture about, and abusing me like a pickpocket.

He says that every time he leaves me in charge of the paper for half an hour I get imposed upon by the first infant or the first idiot that comes along. And he says that that distressing item of Mr. Bloke's is nothing but a lot of distressing bash, and has no point to it, and no sense in it, and no information in it, and that there was no sort of necessity for stopping the press to publish it.

Now all this comes of being good-hearted. If I had been as unaccommodating and unsympathetic as some people, I would have told Mr. Bloke that I wouldn't receive his communication at such a late hour; but no, his snuffling distress touched my heart, and I jumped at the chance of doing something to modify his misery. I never read his item to see whether there was anything wrong about it, but hastily wrote the few lines which preceded it, and sent it to the printers. And what has my kindness done for me? It has done nothing but bring down upon me a storm of abuse and ornamental blasphemy.

Now I will read that item myself, and see if there is any foundation for all this fuss. And if there is, the author of it shall hear from me.

I have read it, and I am bound to admit that it seems a little mixed at a first glance. However, I will peruse it once more.

I have read it again, and it does really seem a good deal more mixed than ever.

I have read it over five times, but if I can get at the meaning of it I wish I may get my just deserts. It won't bear analysis. There are things about it which I cannot understand at all. It don't say whatever became of William Schuyler. It just says enough about him to get one interested in his career, and then drops him. Who is William Schuyler, anyhow, and what part of South Park did he live in, and if he started down-town at six o'clock, did he ever get there, and if he did, did anything happen to him? Is he the individual that met with the "distressing accident"? Considering the elaborate circumstantiality of detail observable in the item, it seems to me that it ought to contain more information than it does. On the contrary, it is obscure and not only obscure, but utterly incomprehensible. Was the breaking of Mr. Schuyler's leg, fifteen years ago, the "distressing accident" that plunged Mr. Bloke into unspeakable grief, and caused him to come up here at dead of night and stop our press to acquaint the world with the circumstance? Or did the "distressing accident" consist in the destruction of Schuyler's mother-in-law's property in early times? Or did it consist in the death of that person herself three years ago (albeit it does not appear that she died by accident)? In a word, what did that "distressing accident" consist in? What did that driveling ass of a Schuyler stand in the wake of a runaway horse for, with his shouting and gesticulating, if he wanted to stop him? And how the mischief could he get run over by a horse that had already passed beyond him? And what

are we to take "warning" by? And how is this extraordinary chapter of incomprehensibilities going to be a "lesson" to us? And, above all, what has the intoxicating "bowl" got to do with it, anyhow? It is not stated that Schuyler drank, or that his wife drank, or that his mother-in-law drank, or that the horse drank wherefore, then, the reference to the intoxicating bowl? It does seem to me that if Mr. Bloke had let the intoxicating bowl alone himself, he never would have got into so much trouble about this exasperating imaginary accident. I have read this absurd item over and over again, with all its insinuating plausibility, until my head swims; but I can make neither head nor tail of it. There certainly seems to have been an accident of some kind or other, but it is impossible to determine what the nature of it was, or who was the sufferer by it. I do not like to do it, but I feel compelled to request that the next time anything happens to one of Mr. Bloke's friends, he will append such explanatory notes to his account of it as will enable me to find out what sort of an accident it was and whom it happened to. I had rather all his friends should die than that I should be driven to the verge of lunacy again in trying to cipher out the meaning of another such production as the above.

THE BASKET MAKER

by Mary Austin, from *The Land of Little Rain*

EBook #365

"A man," says Seyavi of the campoodie, "must have a woman, but a woman who has a child will do very well."

That was perhaps why, when she lost her mate in the dying struggle of his race, she never took another, but set her wit to fend for herself and her young son. No doubt she was often put to it in the beginning to find food for them both. The Paiutes had made their last stand at the border of the Bitter Lake; battle-driven they died in its waters, and the land filled with cattle-men and adventurers for gold: this while Seyavi and the boy lay up in the caverns of the Black Rock and ate tule roots and fresh-water clams that they dug out of the slough bottoms with their toes. In the interim, while the tribes swallowed their defeat, and before the rumor of war died out, they must have come very near to the bare core of things. That was the time Seyavi learned the sufficiency of mother wit, and how much more easily one can do without a man than might at first be supposed.

To understand the fashion of any life, one must know the land it is lived in and the procession of the year. This valley is a narrow one, a mere trough between hills, a draught for storms, hardly a crow's flight from the sharp Sierras of the Snows to the curled, red and ochre, uncomforted, bare ribs of Waban. Midway of the groove runs a burrowing, dull river, nearly a hundred miles from where it cuts the lava flats of the north to its widening in a thick, tideless pool of a lake. Hereabouts the ranges have no foothills, but rise up steeply from the bench lands above the river. Down from the Sierras, for the east ranges have almost no rain, pour glancing white floods toward the lowest land, and all beside them lie the campoodies, brown wattled brush heaps, looking east.

In the river are mussels, and reeds that have edible white roots, and in the soddy meadows tubers of joint grass; all these at their best in the spring. On the slope the summer growth affords seeds; up the steep the one-leafed pines, an oily nut. That was really all they could depend upon, and that only at the mercy of the little gods of frost and rain. For the rest it was cunning against cunning, caution against skill, against quacking hordes of wild-fowl in the tulares, against pronghorn and bighorn and deer. You can guess, however, that all this warring of rifles and bowstrings, this influx of overlording whites, had made game wilder and hunters fearful of being hunted. You can surmise also, for it was a crude time and the land was raw, that the women became in turn the game of the conquerors.

There used to be in the Little Antelope a she dog, stray or outcast, that had a litter in some forsaken lair, and ranged and foraged for

them, slinking savage and afraid, remembering and mistrusting humankind, wistful, lean, and sufficient for her young.

I have thought Seyavi might have had days like that, and have had perfect leave to think, since she will not talk of it. Paiutes have the art of reducing life to its lowest ebb and yet saving it alive on grasshoppers, lizards, and strange herbs; and that time must have left no shift untried. It lasted long enough for Seyavi to have evolved the philosophy of life which I have set down at the beginning. She had gone beyond learning to do for her son, and learned to believe it worth while.

In our kind of society, when a woman ceases to alter the fashion of her hair, you guess that she has passed the crisis of her experience. If she goes on crimping and uncrimping with the changing mode, it is safe to suppose she has never come up against anything too big for her. The Indian woman gets nearly the same personal note in the pattern of her baskets. Not that she does not make all kinds, carriers, water-bottles, and cradles,--these are kitchen ware,--but her works of art are all of the same piece. Seyavi made flaring, flat-bottomed bowls, cooking pots really, when cooking was done by dropping hot stones into water-tight food baskets, and for decoration a design in colored bark of the procession of plumed crests of the valley quail. In this pattern she had made cooking pots in the golden spring of her wedding year, when the quail went up two and two to their resting places about the foot of Oppapago. In this fashion she made them when, after pillage, it was possible to reinstate the housewifely crafts. Quail ran then in the Black Rock by hundreds,--so you will still find them in fortunate years,--and in the famine time the women cut their long hair to make snares when the flocks came morning and evening to the springs.

Seyavi made baskets for love and sold them for money, in a generation that preferred iron pots for utility. Every Indian woman is an artist,--sees, feels, creates, but does not philosophize about her processes. Seyavi's bowls are wonders of technical precision, inside and out, the palm finds no fault with them, but the subtlest appeal is in the sense that warns us of humanness in the way the design spreads into the flare of the bowl.

There used to be an Indian woman at Olancho who made bottle-neck trinket baskets in the rattlesnake pattern, and could accommodate the design to the swelling bowl and flat shoulder of the basket without sensible disproportion, and so cleverly that you might own one a year without thinking how it was done; but Seyavi's baskets had a touch beyond cleverness. The weaver and the warp lived next to the earth and were saturated with the same elements. Twice a year, in the time of white butterflies and again when young quail ran neck and neck in the chaparral, Seyavi cut willows for basketry by the creek where it wound toward the river against the sun and sucking winds. It never quite

reached the river except in far-between times of summer flood, but it always tried, and the willows encouraged it as much as they could. You nearly always found them a little farther down than the trickle of eager water. The Paiute fashion of counting time appeals to me more than any other calendar. They have no stamp of heathen gods nor great ones, nor any succession of moons as have red men of the East and North, but count forward and back by the progress of the season; the time of taboose, before the trout begin to leap, the end of the pinon harvest, about the beginning of deep snows. So they get nearer the sense of the season, which runs early or late according as the rains are forward or delayed. But whenever Seyavi cut willows for baskets was always a golden time, and the soul of the weather went into the wood. If you had ever owned one of Seyavi's golden russet cooking bowls with the pattern of plumed quail, you would understand all this without saying anything.

Before Seyavi made baskets for the satisfaction of desire,--for that is a house-bred theory of art that makes anything more of it,--she danced and dressed her hair. In those days, when the spring was at flood and the blood pricked to the mating fever, the maids chose their flowers, wreathed themselves, and danced in the twilights, young desire crying out to young desire. They sang what the heart prompted, what the flower expressed, what boded in the mating weather.

"And what flower did you wear, Seyavi?"

"I, ah,--the white flower of twining (clematis), on my body and my hair, and so I sang:--

"I am the white flower of twining,
Little white flower by the river,
Oh, flower that twines close by the river;
Oh, trembling flower!
So trembles the maiden heart."

So sang Seyavi of the campoodie before she made baskets, and in her later days laid her arms upon her knees and laughed in them at the recollection. But it was not often she would say so much, never understanding the keen hunger I had for bits of lore and the "fool talk" of her people. She had fed her young son with meadowlarks' tongues, to make him quick of speech; but in late years was loath to admit it, though she had come through the period of unfaith in the lore of the clan with a fine appreciation of its beauty and significance.

"What good will your dead get, Seyavi, of the baskets you burn?" said I, coveting them for my own collection.

Thus Seyavi, "As much good as yours of the flowers you strew."

Oppapago looks on Waban, and Waban on Coso and the Bitter Lake, and the

campoodie looks on these three; and more, it sees the beginning of winds along the foot of Coso, the gathering of clouds behind the high ridges, the spring flush, the soft spread of wild almond bloom on the mesa. These first, you understand, are the Paiute's walls, the other his furnishings. Not the wattled hut is his home, but the land, the winds, the hill front, the stream. These he cannot duplicate at any furbisher's shop as you who live within doors, who, if your purse allows, may have the same home at Sitka and Samarcand. So you see how it is that the homesickness of an Indian is often unto death, since he gets no relief from it; neither wind nor weed nor sky-line, nor any aspect of the hills of a strange land sufficiently like his own. So it was when the government reached out for the Paiutes, they gathered into the Northern Reservation only such poor tribes as could devise no other end of their affairs. Here, all along the river, and south to Shoshone Land, live the clans who owned the earth, fallen into the deplorable condition of hangers-on. Yet you hear them laughing at the hour when they draw in to the campoodie after labor, when there is a smell of meat and the steam of the cooking pots goes up against the sun. Then the children lie with their toes in the ashes to hear tales; then they are merry, and have the joys of repletion and the nearness of their kind. They have their hills, and though jostled are sufficiently free to get some fortitude for what will come. For now you shall hear of the end of the basket maker.

In her best days Seyavi was most like Deborah, deep bosomed, broad in the hips, quick in counsel, slow of speech, esteemed of her people. This was that Seyavi who reared a man by her own hand, her own wit, and none other. When the townspeople began to take note of her--and it was some years after the war before there began to be any towns--she was then in the quick maturity of primitive women; but when I knew her she seemed already old. Indian women do not often live to great age, though they look incredibly steeped in years. They have the wit to win sustenance from the raw material of life without intervention, but they have not the sleek look of the women whom the social organization conspires to nourish. Seyavi had somehow squeezed out of her daily round a spiritual ichor that kept the skill in her knotted fingers along after the accustomed time, but that also failed. By all counts she would have been about sixty years old when it came her turn to sit in the dust on the sunny side of the wickiup, with little strength left for anything but looking. And in time she paid the toll of the smoky huts and became blind. This is a thing so long expected by the Paiutes that when it comes they find it neither bitter nor sweet, but tolerable because common. There were three other blind women in the campoodie, withered fruit on a bough, but they had memory and speech. By noon of the sun there were never any left in the campoodie but these or some mother of weanlings, and they sat to keep the ashes warm upon the hearth. If it were cold, they burrowed in the blankets of the hut; if it were warm, they followed the shadow of the wickiup around. Stir much out of their places they hardly dared, since one might not help another; but they called, in high, old cracked voices, gossip and reminder across the ash

heaps.

Then, if they have your speech or you theirs, and have an hour to spare, there are things to be learned of life not set down in any books, folk tales, famine tales, love and long-suffering and desire, but no whimpering. Now and then one or another of the blind keepers of the camp will come across to where you sit gossiping, tapping her way among the kitchen middens, guided by your voice that carries far in the clearness and stillness of mesa afternoons. But suppose you find Seyavi retired into the privacy of her blanket, you will get nothing for that day. There is no other privacy possible in a campoodie. All the processes of life are carried on out of doors or behind the thin, twig-woven walls of the wickiup, and laughter is the only corrective for behavior. Very early the Indian learns to possess his countenance in impassivity, to cover his head with his blanket. Something to wrap around him is as necessary to the Paiute as to you your closet to pray in.

So in her blanket Seyavi, sometime basket maker, sits by the unlit hearths of her tribe and digests her life, nourishing her spirit against the time of the spirit's need, for she knows in fact quite as much of these matters as you who have a larger hope, though she has none but the certainty that having borne herself courageously to this end she will not be reborn a coyote.

John Adams by Daniel Webster
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The last formal address delivered by Mr. Webster on any great public occasion, was unexpectedly called from him in the summer of 1826, in commemoration of the services of Adams and Jefferson;--an occasion so remarkable, that what was said and felt on it, will not pass out of the memories of the present generation. We shall, therefore, only make one short extract from Mr. Webster's address at Faneuil Hall--the description of the peculiar eloquence of Mr. Adams, in giving which, the speaker becomes, himself, a living example of what he describes.

"The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it--they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself, then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object--this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action."

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